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"THERE IS TO ME A DAINTINESS ABOUT THESE EARLY FLOWERS THAT TOUCHES ME LIKE POETRY."

—N. P. Willis.



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

JOSEPH R. GAVIN has been ordered reinstated in the Knights of Pythias by the Supreme Tribunal, in session at Denver. The case is one of national importance. Gavin is a gambler and saloon-keeper.

Under a recent ruling of the order, withholding membership from persons of these occupations, Gavin was expelled. He took an appeal, claiming that he was entitled to membership as he was in the order before the new rule was promulgated, and that there could not be any retroactive legislation. The case was contested at the regular annual meeting, but no decision was reached until April 18, when the announcement was made that Gavin would be restored to full rights in the order. However, it is probable that he will be tried under another rule, that of maintaining a gambling-house and saloon as derogatory to the dignity of the order.

Gavin is one of the most notorious sporting men in the Western country, controlling numerous gambling-houses in all the principal Colorado cities and mining camps.

TRUSTS BY THE SHOVELFUL.

THE fact has come to light at Anderson, Ind., that representatives from the fourteen shovel factories in the United States met secretly in Boston a few days ago and formed a combination. The factories are in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Beaver Falls, St. Louis, Terre Haute and Anderson.

Organization will be completed at another meeting in Boston late this week. The trust has already advanced the price twenty per cent, and, since April 9, not an order has been booked at the old quotations.

It is proposed to limit the output to four hundred thousand dozen a year, which is about the limit of the country's demand. None of the plants in the trust will be permitted to increase its output, and should one sell more than it manufactures the privilege of placing the order must be purchased from the trust.

SUSPICION AS TO ENGLAND.

NEXT to dueling the leading cause of popular excitement in Germany is the preparation which England is making for action against the Transvaal. All of the Austrian and Italian influences in the councils of the Dreihund, which have been thrown on the side of England, will become paralyzed if events shall confirm the suspicion entertained by Germany that Great Britain intends to coerce the Boers. The peaceful assurances given by the British Ministers and the British Parliament are distrusted at Berlin. The *North German Gazette* cautiously advises delay in the dispatch of English troops to South Africa in deference to President Kruger's peace policy, but the unofficial and more outspoken *Tagelblatt* sees a plan on the part of Great

Britain to use the Matabele rising as a pretext for sending forces to the Cape Colony. The *Vossische Zeitung* approves the action of the Boers in arming themselves to protect their independence and predicts another Majuba Hill disaster to England. The *Boersen Zeitung* declares that the British Army is wholly inadequate to the task of conducting two wars at the same time, one in the Soudan and the other against the Boers. If England refuses an *entente* with Germany through jealousy of the growth of German influence in South Africa, the paper adds, the loss will not be Germany's.

DO THEY FEAR TO FIGHT?

SOME time ago the German "National" students—the anti-Semites, that is—at the University of Vienna, published a declaration that they would henceforth refuse to accept challenges from the Jewish Students Corps, as they would think themselves defiled if they fought with them. The Jewish students appealed to the Rector to redress this insult, but he refused to act.

The newspapers took part for either side, and a violent discussion has been going on for some time. At last a member of the Reichsrath addressed an interpellation on the subject to the Minister of Public Instruction, who has answered it to the effect that the Rector and the Senate of the Academy have expressed their most decided disapproval of the German students' declaration, and that the student who had presided at the meeting at which the resolution was voted has been sent down. Two students who sang anti-Semitic songs in the aula have been relegated for a term, and others who refused to give information were reprimanded in the presence of the Senate.

It is believed that one particular circumstance has much to do with the insulting attitude of the Germans. The situation has long been a critical one, and some of the Jewish students, being on the alert, have become expert fencers. Whenever a challenge was received by their corps, the Jews sent their best men to the front, and a great number of Germans suffered at their hands. The Germans, however, are said to be training hard, and perhaps in time they will think the Jews worthy of their steel.

TO BUY CUBA FREE.

REPORTS were again current in financial circles in this city last week that an attempt is being made to raise one hundred million dollars to buy the freedom of Cuba. One New York banker having business in Cuba said: "The amount to be paid by Cuba need not enter into the question. Cuba could and would pay two hundred million dollars as readily as one hundred million for her freedom and independence. It is not a question so much of raising the money, supposing Spain were willing to relinquish her ownership of the island, as to how such a plan could be carried into effect. It would depend to some extent on the Government that Cuba was to have, if Spain evacuated the island, whether the money could be raised for the purpose of purchasing her freedom. There is no reason to suppose that, if Cuba were left to herself to-day, her Government would be any better, for instance, than the Government of Hayti or San Domingo. For the successful carrying out of any such plan as the one proposed, a guaranteeing of the payment of the bonds, etc., there would have to be established some sort of protectorate and control over the island by some other nations, say by the Governments of this country and Great Britain, for instance.

"Then there is another matter to be considered, and that is what arrangement would be made about the payment of the present Cuban debt. Spain has borrowed large sums of money on Cuban bonds, and is doing so now for defraying the expense of putting down the present rebellion. Some arrangement would have to be made that would include a settlement of all such claims. Of Cuba's ability, however, and her willingness to pay one or two hundred million dollars in exchange for her freedom if she could have the opportunity to do so, there is, as I have said, no doubt. She pays forty dollars now for every dollar she gets, and she will be taxed by Spain for every dollar spent by that country in trying to put down the rebellion, if the Spanish forces are ultimately successful which at this time appears to be very doubtful. It should not be forgotten that if Cuba succeeds eventually in winning her freedom by force of arms, all the persons (and there are lots of them) who are backing the Cubans now with money and arms, and other material resources of war, will turn up then as the owners of valuable trading concessions in the island, as well as of millions of dollars of bonds of the Republic of Cuba."

THE WAY BANKS DO IT.

HEIDELBACH, ICKELHEIMER & Co. of Wall Street shipped two hundred thousand dollars in gold to Germany April 21, the transaction being a commission one, similar to other recent gold exports by that firm, and therefore quite outside of the rates for exchange, which are below the gold shipping point. Early in the day it was announced that the firm had increased their shipment to four hundred thousand dollars. This was, however, incorrect. The mistake arose from the with-

drawing four hundred thousand dollars in gold from the Treasury while only intending to ship two hundred thousand dollars.

There was considerable speculation in Wall Street as to why the firm withdrew twice as much gold from the Treasury as they intended to export. One reason put forth was that the second two hundred thousand dollars was intended for the National City Bank, that the firm of Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co. would in that way gradually restore to the City Bank the gold advanced to them recently for export. Another reason for the withdrawal of twice as much gold from the Treasury as was needed for export was that the shipping firm might sort out to hundred thousand dollars of the heaviest coin—that is, the coin which came nearest to full standard weight (it was, of course, all of legal weight)—for export and then turn the balance over to the City Bank, a double purpose being thereby served. Had the Sub-Treasury, it was said, let the shipping firm have two hundred thousand dollars in eagles, only two hundred thousand dollars would have been withdrawn; but when they found they were going to get the whole two hundred thousand dollars in half-eagles they determined to withdraw four hundred thousand dollars, and sort out the coins that came nearest to the full standard weight.

COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY.

THE Daughters of the American Revolution opened their exhibition of Colonial, Revolutionary and other historical relics in Assembly Hall in the United Charities Building, at Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, this city, April 20. The exhibition was to last one week.

The purpose of the exhibition is to raise money to erect a monument over the neglected grave of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," at Frederick, Md.

Mrs. Donald McLean opened the exhibition with an address of welcome. Miss Sylvester Reed read a poem, "E Pluribus Unum," written before the Civil War. The poem was well received, and the author was warmly congratulated.

The great-granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, Miss Stone, was next introduced to the audience, and Miss Smith was presented as the great-great-granddaughter of Betsy Ross, the maker of the first American flag.

Miss Lystra gave a capital reading of "The Union Flag," after which Richard Henry Clark, a prominent member of the Sons of the American Revolution and a personal friend of Francis Scott Key, made a short address, in which he told of the poet. Mrs. Ella Hardin Wolworth spoke on the work of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The programme closed with singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," led by the Lillie Berg Glee Club.

The relics exhibited embrace very valuable keepsakes, some almost priceless. The stage was set with old Colonial furniture, and there tea will be served evenings and afternoons during the week.

Among other things shown was a letter written by Francis Scott Key to his son Charles in 1840. It has been presented by his granddaughter, and will be sold at auction at the close of the exhibition.

Among those present during the first sessions were Mr. and Mrs. William Havemeyer, General Ruger, United States Army; Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop Clark, Mr. and Mrs. James Ferris, Commander and Mrs. Sicard, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Chaffin, General Thomas Watson, United States Army; Walter S. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Foye, ex-Senator Warner Miller, Appleton Morgan, Miss Mary Wright, Miss Mary Van B. Vanderpoel, and Dr. and Mrs. James A. Parker.

BARON HIRSCH.

BARON MAURICE DE HIRSCH, the great financier and philanthropist, died April 20 on his estate at Presburg, Hungary, from a stroke of apoplexy.

Even the place and date of the Baron's birth are differently stated by different writers, but there is a more or less close agreement on Munich and 1833. His father was a cattle dealer and made much money—enough, at any rate, to earn a title in 1869 by making timely loans to the King of Bavaria. When thirteen years of age young Hirsch was placed in a school at Brussels, and there he obtained the decidedly moderate amount of education that had to serve him through life. Four years later he was in London, an employee in the great banking house of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt. There he remained for several years, and though he never became a member of the house, he won for his wife a daughter of the senior partner.

With the comfortable fortune inherited from his father and the large dowry of his wife, Hirsch had capital enough to strike out for himself in the world of finance. His *coup d'essai*, like the Cid's, was a *coup de maître*. The failure of Langrand Dumonceau had practically wrecked the greatest bank in Belgium. Hirsch obtained control of the ruins, and in a few years had not only restored to the institution its former credit and power, but had added enormously to them both. With three partners he undertook the building of a railway system connecting Constantinople with Budapest. The work was divided into three sections, one

for each of the associates. Hirsch allowed his partners to choose the two that promised best and took the worst for himself. The partners both lost money on their contracts; Hirsch is said to have made four million dollars out of his.

His personal friend, Oscar S. Strauss of this city, says of him: "It would not be overstating it to say that Baron de Hirsch, during his lifetime, gave away twenty-five million dollars, and his great benefactions for the relief of the oppressed Russian Jews and other objects of that nature were put in the form of trusts, so that, although he has passed away, his beneficent intentions will survive him."

"He had a charming personality. While not a highly educated man, he was accomplished. He spoke English like an Englishman, and he conversed in French and German with equal fluency. He was an excellent judge of horses and cattle, and had splendid collections of each. He had a very genial temperament and buoyant disposition. He was a good judge of men, and showed great acumen in the selection of trustworthy agents."

FROM THE COURT OF APPEALS.

THE decision of the Court of Appeals of New York setting aside the conviction of Marie Barberi of murder in the first degree is a severe arraignment of Recorder Goff and the manner in which he conducted her trial. His action and bearing during the trial have been characterized as unfair and inequitable and his charge to the jury completely riddled by Judge O'Brien, who wrote the opinion. His assumption of certain facts has been declared unwarranted by the evidence; his exclusion of certain testimony has been condemned as unjustifiable and his evident bias scored as inconsistent with his position as trial judge. After taking up point after point in this manner and reviewing them in calmly judicial but none the less cutting terms, Judge O'Brien says:

"The questions already discussed are sufficient to dispose of the appeal, but there are many other rulings which it would be difficult if not impossible to defend. From an examination of the whole trial we are impressed with the conclusion that the defendant has not had a fair trial and that the case should be submitted to another jury to the end that all competent proof may be given in the regular and orderly way, and all the questions presented in the temperate and dispassionate manner which is so important in the trial of a capital case and so essential to the protection of all the rights of the accused."

This is a sorry reflection on the criminal courts of this great city and suggests a sorry outlook for the remaining twelve years of Recorder Goff's term. It is said to be the first case on record in this State where a decision of a criminal court was reversed on account of the unfairness of the trial judge. Reversals heretofore have been generally on mistakes in the admission or exclusion of evidence or the refusal to make charges requested by counsel. In this case it was the charge itself that the Court said was biased. The decision concludes by applying to the learned Recorder this extract from an opinion of the United States Supreme Court:

"When the charge of the trial judge takes the form of animated argument the liability is great that the propositions of law may become interrupted by digression and so intermingled with inferences springing from forensic ardor that the jury are left without proper instructions; their appropriate province of dealing with the facts is invaded and errors intervene which the pursuit of a different course would have evaded."

But we must resign ourselves to twelve more years of Goff. This is one of the nice that the mountain of reform has brought forth.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE.

A JURY in Judge Tuthill's court in Chicago April 20 agreed that Ernest Buse, who arrived from British Columbia two years ago, must pay nine hundred and sixty dollars as a commission to William Fruin, a real estate agent, for getting Buse a wife. Fruin introduced a woman worth eight to ten thousand dollars to Buse and they were married, but the husband paid only forty dollars on account of the one thousand dollars which he had promised to pay for a suitable wife. The defendant entered a formal plea, but did not defend the case in court. Fruin said it was only a side deal with him.

THE LOUISIANA ELECTION.

THE Citizens' League of New Orleans has elected its candidate for Mayor by over ten thousand majority over Congressman Charles F. Buck. It has also elected its entire city and councilman ticket.

The negro vote went almost solidly for the Citizens' League. The combination of Citizens' Leaguers and Republicans and its success were due to the political skill of ex-Governor H. C. Warmouth.

The vote for Governor Foster and Pharr, Republican candidate for Governor, is close, but Foster will probably have one thousand majority. The Democrats will carry the State by a good majority, and control the Legislature.

THE LONDON "TIMES," MR. SMALLEY, SOME AMERICAN EDITORS, AND THE IRISH.

THE peculiar role played by the representative in America of the London *Times* is probably little, if at all, understood by Americans. And yet a moderate amount of pains taken by those who are in the habit of reading certain "special articles" periodically printed in the Sunday issue of the New York *Herald* might result in the formation in the reader's mind of impressions that would lead him to inquire why the writer should invariably assume a tone of depreciation toward one particular nationality, when discussing matters that directly or indirectly concern it.

The special articles in question are always signed with the name "George W. Smalley." Probably not one in a thousand of the large public who see it are aware that this is the name of the New York correspondent of the London *Times*. Mr. Smalley was formerly, for some score of years, London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and during his long period of residence abroad obtained a pretty thorough knowledge of European affairs, and secured a wide acquaintance among prominent Europeans. His knowledge and acquaintance, however, were especially of and among politics and men of affairs in the United Kingdom. Hence he is supposed to write authoritatively of such men and matters, for the benefit of the American public, in the columns of the *Herald*. He is himself an American by birth, and it has been understood that the selection of him by the *Times* to act as its special representative in America was due to the desire of that world-famous journal to present to the English public a chronicle of current events and opinions in the United States which, written by an American upon the spot, would possess the merit of veracity, and at the same time be free from the possible prejudice or lack of sympathetic yet impartial insight, which might render American correspondence written by an Englishman less valuable to English readers. In other words, the *Times* aimed at creating a source of information in this country that should be above the reach of critics disposed to depreciate the value of views the paper might print, on the ground that they were not entitled to be considered American. So Mr. Smalley, as fulfilling all the requirements of the situation, was duly installed in New York as the *Times's* man.

It seems, however, that the new correspondent either came here invested with a dual role, or that he subsequently added to his line of duty as *Times* representative the subsidiary activities of a special writer on United Kingdom politics for the New York *Herald*. It is with his *Herald* articles, or some of them, that these remarks are concerned. Whenever the occasion arises, or current events warrant, Mr. Smalley may be reckoned upon to address the American public upon questions in which the Irish, or Irish interests, are involved. Some of these questions are purely Anglo-Irish, others may be Anglo-American. When he discusses the former he pursues a line of comment the inspiration of which we must seek in certain preconceived positive notions about the Irish, considered both as a race apart and as a constituent element of the United Kingdom's population. It is in connection with this line of comment, and the inspiration thereof, that Mr. Smalley's *Herald* writings will first receive consideration.

Now it is or ought to be a well-recognized fact that upon no question are the American people so easily misled as upon that of the existing relations, political and personal, between the inhabitants of Ireland and England. One who knows absolutely nothing of the facts, through lack of opportunity to observe them for himself, would doubtless gather, from what he can read in the American press, that the two islands are to-day confronting each other much as two hostile tribes of aborigines were accustomed to do in the days when aborigines had only themselves to fight with. Those responsible for the existence of this impression among Americans have succeeded in producing it in two widely opposite ways, and they can readily be divided into two "schools"—one composed of certain American editors; the other by Mr. Smalley. Although essentially antagonistic to each other, they are yet working in perfect harmony toward a common end.

In his *Herald* articles Mr. Smalley breathes the true spirit of a writer on the London *Times*. The latter journal, in its consistent attitude toward Ireland and the Irish—one, namely, of unreasoning and unrelenting hostility—has worthily earned the name which innumerable Irishmen and not a few Englishmen long ago bestowed upon it, "The Implacable." One of its self-imposed missions is and always has been to foment discord, racial and political, between the English and Irish. What is to be said of a newspaper which, but a few years back, contained, in a leading editorial, a sentence to this effect: "The Irish, through their political association with England, have had the advantage of association with a people of a higher civilization"? Were the question worth discussing, it might be pointed out that for centuries before Britain emerged from a state of barbarism, Ireland, if history be any authority, was a notable center of civilization and the arts, and also that its decadence in the past was attributable to the past policy of England toward it. But it is sufficient for the purpose of the present writing to simply quote this

passage from the *Times*. As an exponent of popular opinion in England, however, the *Times* is no longer representative. Other English journals speak for the people nowadays.

It is this spirit of the *Times* that Mr. Smalley infuses into his *Herald* "specials." He would fain foster the belief that Irishmen are regarded in England as the *Times* regards them. Simultaneously he endeavors to depreciate the standing of the Irish in America. In his *Herald* article upon the Congressional debate upon Ambassador Bayard's Edinburgh's speech he animadverts upon the fact that a leading speaker in the debate was a "raw" representative from a constituency in a State "once a leading American Commonwealth," but whose population, he adds, is now forty per cent Irish. This circumstance he apparently regards as a reproach to the State in question. All through his article he harps upon the Irish, their detestation of everything English, and of every American Ambassador who attains popularity in London. In short, his general drift is toward trying to show that the vote of censure Congress passed upon Mr. Bayard was practically accomplished through Irish influence, and was therefore, logically, a disreputable proceeding. The same Irish influence, he further observes, caused Congress to commit "the impropriety" of according Mr. Parnell the privilege of the floor of the House. Why there was "impropriety" in according that privilege to a member of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, he fails to explain. And certainly it is an extraordinary compliment—unconsciously bestowed, of course, by Mr. Smalley—to say that the Irish should possess the power to control the action of the Congress of the United States upon any and every question the Irish are interested in—and even in some, too, like the Bayard matter, in which their special concern, except as regards those of them who are American citizens, must surely be more apparent to Mr. Smalley than to any one else. Is it not likely, too, that the average American may—if he does not accept the present writer's view that Mr. Smalley was unconscious of it—regard the compliment implied in the intimation that the Irish control Congress as a "sarkasm" of the Artemus Ward order?

Here there is not available space to do more than refer in a general way to the work Mr. Smalley is engaged upon with the double purpose of making the American public accept the London *Times's* view of Anglo-Irish relations, as well as his own special pleading for acceptance of his estimate of the Irish in America, and their influence upon both domestic and Anglo-American relations. It was not paradoxical to say, above, that Mr. Smalley and a certain school of American editors, although diametrically opposed to each other, are yet working hand in hand toward a common goal. These editors hate, or profess to hate, England and all her works, inclusive of the London *Times* and Mr. Smalley. They carry on the war against the Saxon, very largely, by the aid of a particular kind of ammunition. This is composed of two stock subjects labeled the "Irish Cause" and "English Oppression of Ireland." The editors persist in it—that the Irish people are groaning under oppression, and hate the English, lock, stock and barrel, in consequence. Of course the English hate them quite as cordially. It is in the propagation of this gospel of mutual hatred that the editors become allies of Mr. Smalley and the London *Times*.

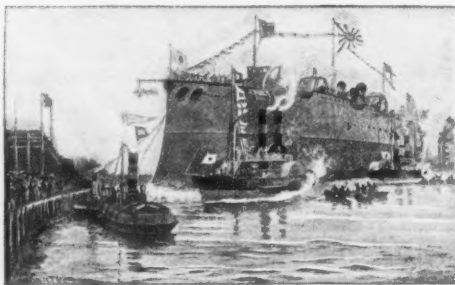
The trouble with Mr. Smalley, the *Times* and the editors is, that they all insist upon breathing an archaic atmosphere. Time was when Ireland and England hated one another, when English oppression of Ireland was a terrible fact, and when the "Irish Cause" was something more than a term. Under what dispensation are those peoples living to-day? The United Kingdom is governed by a uniform law of citizenship, under which equal civil rights are accorded, whether the citizen be a native of or reside in either England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales. The only exception to this uniformity was when, at intervals during the past twenty years, when Ireland was practically in a condition of civil war, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended temporarily in Ireland, thus giving the authorities power to arrest on suspicion and imprison without trial. The average Irish citizen, during the time of this suspension, was as free from Governmental interference with his personal liberty as at any other time. The United States Government, during the War of Secession, adopted a precisely similar course. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, under the form of a limited, or constitutional monarchy, actually governs itself, as a sovereign democracy, through the Lower House of Parliament, the members of which are elected by the popular vote, cast under an elective franchise which is just one step removed from manhood suffrage. This Parliament, some sixty-seven years ago, by passing the Act of Catholic Emancipation, left Ireland without any great unredressed grievance, excepting that known as the landlord and tenant question. Laws favorable to the farmer tenants of the landed aristocracy were passed in succession until, in 1881, a permanent Commission with judicial powers, and composed exclusively of Irishmen, was created by Parliament for the purpose of fixing just rents between landlord and tenant. The Commission was and is composed of circuit courts, with a court of appeal; it fixes rents for given periods, at the end of which landlord or

tenant may apply to the Commission for readjustment of their mutual relations. Under the operation of this Commission, which our friends the editors would promptly denounce as a Socialistic scheme were it tried in the United States, the reductions of rents have been enormous. Still further legislation has made the Irish tenant farmer far more independent of the landlord than his brethren in England can claim to be of theirs, until there seems to be little more that can be done for him unless the Irish landlords are bought out by the Government, and a peasant proprietary created. This has already come within the range of practical politics, and some landlords have anticipated it by selling large portions of their estates to the tenants. That is the most any Government can accomplish for the great agricultural classes, who, in Ireland, preponderate. Government cannot make agriculture a paying business in Ireland any more than it can in England.

The remaining Irish grievances are the need of decentralization of Governmental functions in various directions, such as the granting of railroad franchises, for example, which now belong to Parliament. As to the representation Ireland obtains in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, it was fixed at the time of the Act of Union in 1800, upon the basis of a much larger population than the island now possesses, and Ireland to-day has, proportionately, a much louder voice in Imperial politics than Scotland has, because she sends more members to the House of Commons. In fact, a united majority of the Irish representatives, provided the Administration in office had but a normal working majority of its own, sometimes holds the balance of power. Lord Salisbury's present Government came into office with an abnormally large majority behind it, a condition of things which will last only for a certain period of time.

This is all that need be said about the question of Ireland being an oppressed country, and it now remains to define the term, "The Irish Cause." There are two Irish Causes—that of legislative independence, and that of complete political secession from the United Kingdom and the Empire. Prior to the Act of Union, Ireland had a separate Parliament in Dublin—a House of Commons and a House of Lords. It was composed of Protestant gentry and nobility, with a sprinkling of Protestant professional men. In its latter days it was little better than a medium for intrigue and bribery—a kind of shuttlecock to be tossed to and fro, for their own purposes, between the battledores of the English Ministry and the Irish Viceroy, or Governor-General. It had great powers, controlling the Irish tariff laws and the military forces stationed in Ireland. It was destroyed by the Act of Union, which it voted for itself. A Parliament with similar powers was not contemplated by Mr. Gladstone in his recent Irish Home Rule scheme, nor did the Irish members really expect to get any such thing. Perhaps the solitary good work it accomplished in its declining years was to utilize its power to raise what was practically an Irish army controlled by itself, and thus to force upon the England of that time the revision of English tariff laws which were crushing

Irish commerce. The "Irish Cause" as represented by the dozen nondescript Parliamentary factions, all at war with one another, and each claiming the title of the only original Irish party, means their control of the internal Government of Ireland through a local Legislature to be established at Dublin. The other Irish Cause is represented by a non-Parliamentary party who advocate armed insurrection and battle with the regular troops of the United Kingdom, in order that they may establish a Republic in Ireland. The advocates of these two distinct Irish Causes are, as parties, each bitterly hostile to the other. However, they are alike animated by a genuine and lofty sentiment, and there is something inspiring in the dream of Ireland as a separate



LAUNCH OF A JAPANESE WARSHIP ON THE THAMES, ENG.

nation, or with the kind of Parliament that she once had restored to her in full—which would involve straight repeal of the Union, an impossibility. Yet there is nothing in either "Cause" but genuine sentiment; neither a Parliament nor independence is needed to "free" Ireland. She is already free.

But one thing remains to be said. The London Times, Mr. Smalley and the editors should try hard to realize that this is the Victorian, not the Elizabethan, era. The Times knows, Mr. Smalley ought to know, and the editors, with an effort, would by degrees acquire the knowledge, that there is no such thing as racial hatred between the Irish and English. The very men who advocate an Irish war of secession will tell them so. The association between the peoples, both in a commercial and social sense, is of the closest nature; Irishmen of every class and creed live and prosper in England in many tens of thousands, and count Englishmen among their best friends. This equally applies to the Englishmen in Ireland. The highest distinctions in the public service are open to the Irishman, nor let it be foolishly imagined that "selling his country"—with some commentators a favorite catchword—is a necessary passport. The present Lord Chief Justice of England is a Catholic Irishman whose career at the Bar—begun late in life—was entirely passed in England. The Lord

Chancellorship of England, an office but two degrees below the Crown in dignity, within the last twenty years has been held by an Irishman. The Commander-in-Chief of the English Army is an Irishman born and bred; the military officer next in repute and rank is Irish, or more than half Irish; the most illustrious of English diplomatists is an Irishman, and Sir Herbert Kitchener, England's chief lieutenant in Egypt, is of Irish birth. Mr. Dillon, leader of the Irish anti-Parnellite party, is about to marry the daughter of an English judge.

True, in England there are some Irish-haters, and in Ireland some English-haters. But any one familiar with those islands knows that such are not the people. The big paving stones in the glass case which may be seen in the office of the Constitution newspaper, in Cork, and which is labeled "The Constitution's Jubilee Honors," were flung through the windows on Celebration Day of the Queen's Jubilee Year. Was that Irish hatred of England? Not at all; it was merely a little outburst of party feeling. The Constitution's politics were Conservative, those of the crowd were not.

THOMAS DONNELLY.

IS IT A RED CROSS MOVEMENT?

France has notified Russia that the Red Cross detachment going from the latter country to Abyssinia will be permitted to cross the Obok territory. This expedition has aroused considerable comment in Europe. It was fitted out in Russia by popular subscription with the ostensible object of succoring the wounded Abyssinians. It is led by General Shevedorf, who has as his assistants Captain Swejagin, the Russian explorer of Abyssinia; Lieutenant Kochovski, an engineer officer; ten "surgeons," six "assistant surgeons," sixty "attendants," one paymaster and three interpreters. It has been hinted that these surgeons are really Russian army officers of different ranks, ready to aid actively the Abyssinians.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CELEBRATES.

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the New York University was celebrated last Wednesday, although the anniversary properly fell on April 18. The exercises were postponed from that date in order that Chancellor MacCracken, who was in Europe, might be able to be present. The college regulations were suspended after half-past eleven o'clock, the exercises being held at two o'clock in the gymnasium at University Heights.

The corner-stone of the residence hall was laid the same day. The building will accommodate one hundred and twelve students, and will be ready for occupancy next fall. It will contain every convenience, including a music-room, two bicycle-rooms and two college-periodical rooms. The Founders' Day hymn, sung by the Glee Club, was composed by L. B. Pray of the class of '98, the words being written by Scudder, '99. Lawrence W. Whitney was the chairman of the committee in charge of the exercises.



THE BRITISH SUDAN EXPEDITION LEAVING CAIRO.

DRAMA.

IN a season that has been comparatively barren of successes it is pleasing to be able to note such a pronounced hit as was made last week by Ralph Lumley's comedy "Thoroughbred." It must be doubly pleasing to Mr. Charles Frohman, on whom fortune has not smiled as broadly or as frequently as she might have done this year. The new piece was admirably presented at the Garrick Theater and was received with enthusiasm.

"Thoroughbred" is a very amusing comedy—or, to be more exact, farce, in the strict sense of the word—not strikingly original, except in some of the minor details, but bright and laughable. The race-horse as a factor in dramatic construction is not a novelty, but when I say that the principal interest in "Thoroughbred" centers in an animal of that persuasion it is not to be understood that the play is hackneyed, in either the situations or the treatment. A henpecked though good-natured Briton, through a desire to help a young friend, unwittingly becomes the possessor of a race-horse, although opposed on principle to horse-racing in all its forms. He conceals the possession from his wife and goes to the course, whither she has also gone with some friends, each in mortal terror of discovery by the other. They meet and he is promptly ordered home, but with two friends remains disguised as a negro minstrel. Other fortunes hang incidentally on the performance of the race-horse, notably the love affairs of a wealthy American and a noble Englishwoman of sporting proclivities, and those of her brother and the daughter of the new-fledged turfman. Of course the thoroughbred lives up to the requirements and poetic justice is satisfied.

Mr. Dixey returned to our stage in the person of John Rimple, the staid, respectable, who finds himself suddenly inveigled into the sinful practice of horse-racing, and, with Mr. Fritz Williams as the young gentleman whom he assisted out of a sorry plight, and Mrs. Whiffen as the dominating wife, furnished most of the fun. Mr. Williams's happy conception and breezy execution of the part of Blenkinsop Carlingham are worthy of special mention. In the last act, when he and Messrs. Dixey and Humphreys appeared as the pseudo-minstrels, he showed himself in a guise in which he is hardly familiar to the general public. Few but those who knew him in his college days know of his aptitude for "black-face business" or his familiarity with the banjo. But this part of his performance did not by any means overshadow his comedy work in the earlier scenes. There he was at his best. He caught the true spirit of the comedy and worked with an ease that was refreshingly natural.

Another gentleman who deserves commendation for

an especially finished piece of work is Mr. Robert Edeson. His presentation of Arthur Decker, the American, was earnest, sincere and artistically true. He was not the orthodox American of the average English playwright, nor was he a type of which we need be a whit ashamed. He was genuinely American. Miss Agnes Miller was amusingly horsey and naturally amusing as the Honorable Miss Billy Carlingham; and with the rest of the company no fault could be found. "Thoroughbred" seems to be a winner.

Andrew Mack appeared at the American Theater last week in "Myles Aaron," a play already familiar to theater-goers as a part of the unfortunate Scanlan's repertory. An enthusiastic audience greeted Mr. Mack and vociferously applauded his singing of which there was much. The supporting company was fairly good.



SUDANESE MESSENGER.

NO RAINES LAW AMENDMENTS.

A conference of Republican Senators was held last week at Albany to discuss the advisability of passing a supplemental excise bill. Despite a marked disposition on the part of several present to favor a measure that shall provide for a half-rate license for the sale of ale and beer, the sentiment of a majority of the Senators was found to be against bringing up any more excise legislation this year, and that course was agreed to.

The Senate leaders explained to the conference that general amendments of the nature proposed could not be thought of, and that the question of passing a bill to correct certain clerical errors in the law had better be considered seriously.

COACHING.

Speaking of coaching, we do not mean the old-fashioned stage coach, nor the new(?) kind on Fifth Avenue. The coaching illustrated on another page was introduced from England, and is just now taking root in this country. It is not necessarily an exclusively aristocratic or imitative tendency on the part of our people. It is in itself an exhilarating, invigorating and altogether splendid method of outing at the proper season of the year.

Of amateur coachmen and coachmanship in the last century, even in England, comparatively little is known. It was probably not much in vogue. When good roads became the rule, and not the exception, "gentleman coaching" became a fashionable amusement.

The year 1877 in England was memorable in the annals of modern coaching. Coaching clubs were not much in fashion even at that time, but several very fast regular trips were made by James Selby, coachman of the "Old Times," from Piccadilly to Brighton. The aristocracy patronized the venture and soon became convinced that it was good enough for themselves, as individuals seeking relaxation, and not merely as a commercial enterprise. The meets of the Coaching Club and the Four-in-Hand Driving Club are now justly regarded as one of the sights and one of the events of the modern London season.

In this country the number of Coaching Clubs is still very limited; but the custom is growing in favor, and the present year promises many real events in and about New York and New England.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WEEKLY is in receipt of many applications for the originals of some of the illustrations that have recently appeared in these columns. While we cannot, of course, part with the originals—except in very special cases—we shall continue to make them the best that the world of art can afford.



THE BATTLE OF ADOWA, ABYSSINIA—THE LAST RALLY OF GENERAL DABORMIDA.

PUBLIC OPINION

OMNISCIENT IGNORANCE.

"In these days," says London *Truth*, "when a popular novelist may have his readers in all parts of the world, it behooves him to be careful to get his local color right when he takes his characters abroad. Out in South Africa, for instance, a correspondent of mine has been greatly exercised in mind by the discovery that, in one of the most successful books of the day, the hero is described as journeying with a Boer across the veld in a wagon drawn by four horses, with the driver sitting on the shafts, while the only objects in view were the 'log houses' of the Boers and the 'wooden gibbets' showing the boundaries of their farms. This is all wrong. The Boer usually travels with a wagon and a span of sixteen oxen; shafts are unknown except for single-horse vehicles in town; the farmhouses are not built of logs, because there is no timber to build them with; and for the same reason the boundary marks are not wooden gibbets, but rough-hewn stones. Little mistakes of this kind destroy the illusion of an otherwise interesting and convincing narrative."

In other words it would be a good thing if the author knew what he was talking about before he begins to write.

BEGGARS A-HORSEBACK.

Under the heading "The Insolence of Petty Tyranny" the New York *Recorder* of recent date mercilessly scores the Mayor of Wilkesbarre, Pa., for an abuse of his authority which was as illegal as it was inhuman. This worthy gave a woman arraigned before him on a charge of theft the alternative of going to jail to wait there until her case should be reached by the public prosecutor, or walking the streets with a placard on her back bearing the words "I am a shoe thief." The woman—who, it is said, had a large family dependent on her—chose the latter course, and the outrageous sentence was carried out to the letter. The *Recorder* says:

"This is the sublimated insolence of petty tyranny. No law of the State of Pennsylvania permits the imposition of such a penalty. If some opportunity for mercy is allowed to a committing magistrate, it is understood that he will exercise it with dignity. Clearly the Constitutional prohibition of cruel and unusual punishments covers this case. To assert that the woman chose of her own accord to do this is a mere quibble which no court could recognize for a moment. The legal principle that no man can be permitted to do indirectly what he could not do directly applies as much to public officials as to other citizens."

"If a body of indignant citizens should take this Mayor out of his house at noonday and compel him to walk the streets for an hour bearing on his back a placard, 'I AM AN ASS,' it would be making the punishment fit the crime. We say crime advisedly. No other term describes the prostitution of magisterial power involved in this Mayor's contemptible action."

HONEST HORSE-RACING.

Our view of the recent decision of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court in regard to the racing law now in force in this State seems to be in unison with that of all thoughtful and right-minded people and reputable journals throughout the State. The New York *Evening Post* says:

"The decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of the law under which horse-racing is now conducted in this State is likely to set at rest the attempts of the pool-room-keepers to interfere with legitimate jockey clubs in revenge for the suppression of gambling in this city. For that reason it should be received with satisfaction by the public at large, the decent part of which has often looked askance at horse-racing merely because of the attendant gambling places in the cities. Horse-owners who have an honorable interest in the sport will also be pleased to know that the disreputable adjunct of their sport is now permanently cut off."

A FAMINE AND A SURFEIT.

The Baltimore *American* has this to say in regard to the death of women in certain localities in Canada:

"A rather queer state of things has been developed in Canada. In the western part of the colony women are lamentably scarce, while in Eastern Canada, in the cities, there is an excess of female population. It is now proposed to distribute this excess over the region destitute of feminine charms, and so establish a balance. Whether the Canadian young women will care to be wooed and won in this economic fashion remains to be seen. The American girl, under similar circumstances, would, before her consent to the restoration of the social balance, affix with firmness and dispatch her own conditions to the distribution."

OUR ART AND ARTISTS.

Town Topics takes exception to the presumption of M. Chartran, the French painter, who a short time ago so patronizingly aired his views of American art and American artists in the New York *Herald*. It says:

"I observe that M. Chartran of Paris, who has found a few visits to this country very profitable because our dames of society would rather have a Frenchman than a native American paint their portraits, has condescended to give a few of his views on American art and artists to Mr. Bennett's messenger. He displays himself as a foxy visitor, but even in the caution that he has undertaken to observe he has overlooked the extraordinary photographic qualities of the American high hat. He has literally talked through his."

"M. Chartran himself is a pretty clever workman, somewhat literal, perhaps, in portraiture, but even that is better than to be too imaginative. He is clever and spirited in his work, and moreover fashionable, and that means that he is successful withal. But I do not understand that a certain passing vogue entitles a

foreign painter to sit with such complacency as he does on Mr. Bennett's tripod, and to pass *ex cathedra* upon the merits or shortcomings of our native artists. They have troubles of their own, as a rule, without being patronized by a man no nearer lasting greatness than Chartran is. Without meaning to discredit him in the least, there are others. But he is very kind. We have been so good to him, and so cordial in our reception. We are a great people artistically, and we like his pictures."

CUBAN LISTLESSNESS.

"What a strange thing it is," says the New York *Times*, "that, if the Havana dispatches are to be believed, the elections in Cuba passed off 'without animation.' To be sure, the residents of the coast cities had been repeatedly and vehemently warned by General Weyler that if they refrained from voting, or if they voted for other than Royalist candidates, they would be regarded as enemies of Spain and treated accordingly. Perhaps this accounts for the lack of animation that characterized the polling. The Cubans are an ungrateful lot, and it may be that they did not appreciate the Governor-General's kindness in thus guiding them in the exercise of their franchise rights. Still, the knowledge that the election was a farce of the sort commonly known as 'roaring' should have had its effect, should have wreathed the voter's face with smiles, and should have caused him to dance about the voting places with joyful vivacity. There is daily, however, a good deal of animation in the public squares where General Weyler hangs and shoots his prisoners. That makes up—in part, at least—for the listlessness with which the Cubans elected misrepresentatives."

A PERMANENT TRIBUNAL.

The London *Spectator* evidently does not believe in the practicability of a permanent board of arbitration to decide disputes between this country and England. Referring to the recent action of the Cardinals of the Catholic Church looking toward that end, it says:

"The American, Irish and English Cardinals have joined in an appeal on behalf of a permanent tribunal of arbitration to decide disputes among the English-speaking races without war. Cardinals Gibbons, Logue and Vaughan, passing by worldly considerations, to which, however, they do not deny a legitimate force, base their appeal on Christ's beatitude, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' That, no doubt, is the true ground for suggesting anything that could prevent war without inflicting injustice, but we very much doubt whether an absolute engagement to abide by the judgment of any fixed tribunal would answer that purpose. Suppose a rebellion in Ireland had led to civil war, could any proposal to refer the quarrel to this fixed tribunal be entertained by the English people, any more than the American States would have entertained such a proposal in 1861? There are national conditions too deeply rooted in the life of a people to refer to the arbitration of any external human authority. No doubt the praiseworthy object of the three Cardinals is to settle without war disputes of a different and less fundamental kind. But even in those cases we do not think it possible that one and the same tribunal could always answer the purpose. It would be better to constitute an arbitrating authority, whose duty it would be to find an appropriate tribunal for any dispute that would admit—as many grave differences would not—of reference to an outsider's judgment."

THE MANGO TRICK.

The following paragraph from the columns of *Nature* will be interesting, since it explains a marvel that has figured from time immemorial among the wonderful feats achieved by Hindoo fakirs, as reported by travelers in the East, and also gives the report of other experiments elsewhere in the same connection:

"In connection with M. Ragonneau's reported explanation of the 'mango trick' of Indian native conjurers, it may be interesting to compare his results with Moggridge's observations on the harvesting ants of the Riviera. According to M. Ragonneau, the Indians sow the seed under experiment in earth which has been taken from an ants' nest, and the formic acid present causes it to germinate with extraordinary rapidity, and 'grow up into a tree' before the astounded spectator. The French observer states that he has reproduced this experiment in every detail by sowing seeds in earth previously watered with a dilute solution of formic acid. On the other hand, Moggridge found that in seeds stored in the granaries of the Mediterranean ants the process of germination was indefinitely delayed. That their vitality was not destroyed was proved by removing and planting them in fresh earth, when they grew immediately. That ants should be capable of exerting such opposite influences on the growth of seeds is remarkable."

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The Chicago *Tribune* says, apropos of a report from Madrid that Ministerial circles begin to fear Mr. Cleveland will soon take action: "This must be merely Spanish spite, as our President has done nothing to warrant such a statement."

DECLINED THE INVITATION.

"General Maceo," says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "who was within twelve miles of Havana the other day, sent word to Weyler that he was 'waiting for him.' As usual he had his wait for his pains. The Spanish Generalissimo was too busy in trying to get to press with his bulletins and proclamations to respond to any suburban invitations from such a doubtful acquaintance as Maceo."

OUR TIN SOLDIERS.

The following comparison of the real and the ideal—if, indeed, we can apply the term ideal to anything so gorgeously and magnificently tangible as Governor Morton's staff—is certainly significant. We quote it from the Montreal *Gazette*:

"When Field Marshal Yamaguti arrived in New York he was dressed in a civilian suit that looked as if it

might have been worn by him through much of the war with China. Governor Morton's staff, which turned out to meet him, was, on the other hand, literally gleaming in patent leather and gold lace. Beside them the Japanese general looked absolutely insignificant. It sometimes happens this way when the parade soldier meets the warrior."

AN EXPURGATED BLUE BOOK.

The unprecedented garbling of public documents in connection with the Venezuela boundary case, by the British officials, which has just come to light, has called forth the following opinion from the Philadelphia *Record*:

"The many-headed and many-fingered editor of the British Blue Book on Venezuela plucked the very heart out of Governor Light's message concerning the Venezuelan boundary line and threw it away. As this rejected contribution scored a plain point against the present British claim, it was evidently considered to be a case of too much Light. As for the Blue Book, it is appropriately named; for by its inaccurate and garbled mess it has made John Bull's chance to grab the Orinoco territory look blue than ever."

A CAMPAIGN OF NOISE.

Major McKinley's determined attitude toward the A.P.A. is winning him more friends than that organization ever dreamed of enticing away from him by its blatant outcry. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says of the situation:

"The A.P.A. is disgusted with William McKinley and has formally put him under the ban, because he would not receive a committee of their organization or answer their telegrams catechizing him as to his views on certain subjects in their line. Major McKinley did well in refusing to receive them or to have anything to do with the representatives of that secret political association. First, because it is a secret political association. There is no place in this free country for dark-lantern, underground political organizations. If its proceedings and purposes will not bear the light of free and open discussion it cannot claim the right of respectful recognition by any candidate for office. Radically un-American in form, it is still more radically un-American in its programme of proscription and intolerance. For it strikes at that principle of religious liberty which is held sacred by every patriotic American citizen."

"Having disposed of McKinley, they are now in full tilt after Reed. And if Reed shall decline to recognize their right to catechize him or to accommodate himself to their views he, too, will doubtless be put on their black list. And the further they go on in interrogating candidates for the Presidency the more rebuffs they will receive from them, until they have written all the Republican candidates in that roll of honor."

NEWS FROM A SISTER REPUBLIC.

United States Minister Willis, who sailed for the East April 16 on a sixty days' furlough, paid his official farewell visit to President Dole April 11 at Honolulu. After the customary interchange of friendly speeches the Minister took occasion to express his dissatisfaction with a paragraph in the *Advertiser* of that date, intimating that it was the organ of the Government, an employee, Collector J. B. Castle, being the principal stockholder therein.

Foreign Minister Cooper assured Minister Willis that the *Advertiser* was in no way controlled or inspired by the Government, and promised to speak to the editor about the offending article, which he did. The offending paragraph was one quoted without comment from an editorial in the Washington *Star*, the most damaging words of which were:

"Mr. Willis has no value whatever in Honolulu. If anything, he is a standing affront to the people for whom the people of this country feel a warm attachment."

The next issue of the *Advertiser* pointed out that the paragraph was copied from the *Star*, without comment, and asserts the paper's absolute independence of the Government. It expresses regret that the American representative should have been misled by rumors, and sincerely hopes that Mr. Willis will recover his health, which has been badly broken by the nervous strain, owing to the trying position he has occupied.

Considerable excitement has followed the very reluctant publication of tax lists, showing that thirty-seven sugar corporations, having \$27,862,000 of capital stock, paid last year only \$101,114 in taxes, or less than thirty-six per cent of the lawful one per cent, even if assessed at their nominal value, which is generally much below the actual. The sugar barons have done their utmost to prevent this publication of the facts. The Legislature is certain to find a remedy for this unequal taxation.

A riot of Portuguese took place the evening of April 5. It was accidentally provoked, and had not the slightest political significance. Nine Portuguese were seriously hurt by the clubs of the police.

GOLD HUNTERS HUNGRY.

According to advices received at San Francisco per schooner "Excelsior," which arrived from Cook's Inlet April 18, affairs in Alaska are in a serious state. Sitka and Juneau are overflowing with miners, who cannot start for the gold fields on account of the ice and snow on the hills, and now comes the news that Cook's Inlet is frozen, and that the miners who went up early are suffering great hardship.

Provisions are plentiful, but the prices charged are exorbitant. Some of the men are destitute, and have not taken enough gold to pay for a second-class passage to Puget Sound, much less San Francisco. The gold fields, as a rule, are said to be a miserable apology for an El Dorado, and hundreds of miners are only awaiting the opportunity to return home. The country is overrun with prospectors, and in some instances the suffering of the adventurers is heartrending.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE RISE OF THE HOOSIERS.

BY GAVIN L. PAYNE,

City Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

Not so many years ago there was neither glory nor honor in being dubbed a Hoosier, but nowadays one does not hear the modulation of contempt thrown in the voice gratuitously when an Easterner refers to the Indian; indeed, the opportunity to couple the appellation with "famous," "distinguished" and the like comes more frequently, so many are the Hoosier names now before the country. And Indianapolis is the Hub of Hoosierdom. In this fair city are so many possessions redounding to its honor that the average resident boils over with local pride—whether it be for the city's famous men, its progress in the arts, its individual municipal features or its remarkable industrial activity. There is a basic pride in the intellectual side of its life, inasmuch as the highest authority has pronounced the city's system of public schools the best in the country; this, after a comparative examination into the systems in vogue in all the principal cities. In view of the unusual claims put forth in behalf of the city and in justification of her demand for unique recognition, a few lines as to the grounds for such may contain a passing interest to those who have the misfortune to live elsewhere.

Statecraft was the first to bring the capital of Indiana into prominence over other cities that rank with it on a basis of census office returns. No other city can point down the line of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates and claim as many. In a continuous period of nearly thirty years, since the last term for which the immortal Lincoln was elected, Indianapolis has been represented on one of the national tickets in every campaign. Where is there to be found a record like it? In University Park, a cozy breathing spot downtown, stands the bronze statue of Schuyler Colfax, the Hoosier who served four years as Vice-President during General Grant's first term. The Republican party went outside of Indiana to obtain a running mate for Grant in his second campaign, but the Liberty party came to Indianapolis and selected for a Vice-Presidential nominee George W. Julian, who still lives in this city. He received five votes in the Electoral College. Four years later the Democrats saw the worth and political qualities of the Hoosier product and for the tail of their national ticket in the memorable canvass of 1876 chose Thomas A. Hendricks, a lawyer of Indianapolis, and a statesman even at that time not unknown to the country. There was a strong sentiment among Indiana Democrats that Mr. Hendricks's wishes were not consulted by the party managers in consenting to the appointment of an Electoral Commission, and four years afterward, in 1880, when the Democratic National Convention assembled at Cincinnati, Mr. Hendricks was not desirous of a renomination. So the party, feeling that the State was a pivotal one, named instead, as the companion of General Winfield Scott Hancock on the ticket, William H. English, an Indianapolis capitalist and historian, who died only recently. That ticket, too, went down to defeat, yet the confidence of the party in Indianapolis men was not one whit abated, for when four years rolled around and it came time to put forth another ticket, an Indianapolis man in the person of Mr. Hendricks was associated with Grover Cleveland. Thus in three successive campaigns this city was the home of the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. The Democrats having persevered so long and at last succeeding in electing an Indianapolis man, the Republican party felt it would be fitting to do a little better by the city and in the next national campaign, that of 1888, General Benjamin Harrison was nominated and afterward duly chosen by the whole people as their Chief Executive. Again, in 1892, General Harrison was the standard-bearer of his party.

Now in 1896 there are two possibilities in this city, representatives of each of the two great political parties. It would be rash to forecast the work of the conventions in St. Louis and Chicago, nevertheless the probability of the Republicans turning to General Harrison again, despite his recent letter, does not seem remote, so the Hoosiers think; while on the other hand there is no Democratic candidate more frequently mentioned than Governor Claude Matthews, who has lived in Indianapolis during the last eight years. Perhaps the Hoosier capital may keep her line of glory another four years, and after that—her incubator is chock full of unhatched statesmen. Is it surprising that all of these selections have been Indianapolis men, when it is remembered that the center of population in the United States has moved to a point only forty miles away from this city?

This long, unbroken line of national candidates is not so much a matter of remarkable coincidents to those who are familiar with political conditions in the State and the fortunate position she has occupied as a pivot on which was supposed to swing the fate of each party. Of this position the politicians were not slow to take advantage. Indianapolis was benefited largely by the honors that followed. Political interest became intensely keen, and the pivotal idea of the State in its relations to national politics broadened to such an extent that in State affairs the political phase was delicately poised, the Intelligent Voter blowing Republican one year and Democrat the next. The shifting of State administrations from party to party has its counterpart in the State capital where neither party has been able to enshrine itself in long-continued power. Municipal rule, it seems, must change its political complexion every two years.

Some enthusiastic Hoosier not long ago drew attention to the striking combination in the name of the capital, a portion borrowed from the Greek to denote a metropolis—a metropolis of a State which in itself was once an Indian one. Furthermore, to draw upon a similarity of idea, there is in this city much of an ambition to attain the culture and classicism that typified the Greek, without obliterating the wholesome life which has grown out of pioneer conditions and traditions.

Statecraft has not outstripped the arts and industries. The artisan and the man at the forge have done much, aided by cheap natural gas, to advance the material prosperity of Indianapolis. In the manufacture of bicycles, lounges, buggies and other things it disputes leadership with any American claimant; but all of these are stories of the industrial statistics.

A few blocks away from the jostle of the business districts, on a fashionable thoroughfare, is a certain seven-story flat—the Blachere—and frequently a distinguished military-looking man passes it and surveys it in approving fashion. This man who has a fond interest in the building is General Lew Wallace and the structure represents a considerable portion of the profits from his celebrated "Ben Hur." The city is proud of the great author—the first literary star of primal magnitude it claimed. Although his homestead is a short distance away from the city, his investments are here, and his face is as familiar on the streets as that of the best-known citizen. He is alive to the public spirit of the place and is sympathetically abreast with all that is proposed for its good. A short while he served as Commissioner for the magnificent Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument erected by the State in the center of the city. He differed from others as to artistic ideas best to be embodied in the work, and soon after resigned.

Indianapolis' second literary star is James Whitcomb Riley—second only as to the relative time in which he appeared in the firmament, for he is a peer among American litterateurs. Mr. Riley is a thorough citizen and delights in the town. He lives in a quiet neighborhood on Lockebie Street, a short thoroughfare which he has placed among the immortal localities of his verse. No more does he appear on lyceum platforms where his inimitable and artistic recitations made the homely Hoosier character more beloved by the world. So great a prophet was Mr. Riley that he was early with honor in his own country—a rare prophet indeed. His reflection of Hoosier character was too true to escape immediate recognition, and the genius of his poetry was so patent his own people made haste to idolize him. As a perfect musical tone, vibrant to the exactitude of musical requirements, may lack soul quality, so the sound and ring of admirable child poetry may be without the delicate quality which steals into the hearer's heart. Riley's child poems have both the true ring and the delicate quality. The geniality of Riley himself shows strongly in the character or characters in any of his poems, and the very trait of tenderness which appeals from them is a characteristic of the poet in his love for his immediate friends. Between him and the late humorist, Edgar Wilson Nye, there was a close friendship, the two having been associated together on the platform. One of the most touching bits the poet has ever written was this one on the occasion of Mr. Nye's death:

"The saddest silence falls when Laughter lays
Finger on lip, and falteringly breaks
The glad voice into dying minor shakes
And quavers, torn as airs the wind-harp plays
At wane of drearest winter's bleakest days—
A troubled lull, in which all hope forsakes
Us, and the yearning, upstrained vision aches
With tears that drown ev'n heaven from our gaze.
Such silence—after such glad merriment,
O prince of haltest humor, wit and cheer!—
Could you speak yet again, I doubt not we
Should catch your voice, still blithely eloquent,
Above all murmurings of sorrow here,
Calling your love back to us laughingly."

Mr. Riley's face is even more familiar to the people of Indianapolis than that of General Lew Wallace. Every man, woman and child seems to know and love the poet. Ex-President Harrison, Mr. Riley and General Wallace are warm friends, and in the local gatherings from time to time the three often meet—a great trio for history.

In collective art, Indianapolis is as poor as the impoverished artist who sits in his bare studio alone with the genius of his own brush. Yet, while without the treasures of past ages in painting and without modern masterpieces from Europe, the city boasts of a group of artists which has attracted attention by the individuality of its work in the impressionistic field. For years these artists—Messrs. Steele, Gruelle, Forsythe and Starke—have studied and painted Nature as they have seen it—put the living green of the grass and the trees on their canvases and evolved from the pigments the color of the Indiana haze at different seasons. At the World's Fair the work of members of this group was curiously and critically examined by connoisseurs, and two years later the art people of Chicago, at an exhibit of the Indiana painters, thought a new Western school stood revealed. Hamlin Garland is one of the principal enthusiasts in hailing the group as a discovery in art. An impetus to painting has resulted, in the last year, through the behest of Mr. John Herron of over two hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of founding an art school in Indianapolis.

Though lacking in noted canvases, the city is not without examples of more noble and imposing art. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument is the most notable structure of its kind in America, towering hundreds of feet, with graceful lines to the massive pile, and surmounted by a great figure of bronze—a woman typing Indiana. All the enormous weight of stone came from Indiana quarries not far away. Bruno Schmitz, a German celebrity, was the architect. The bronze on the shaft will cost much more over one hundred thousand dollars, and it is quite probable MacMonnies will be the designer of the remaining groups to be placed, although at present there is a hitch in negotiations with this sculptor, who is popularly remembered as the designer of the fountain at the World's Fair Court of Honor.

The cost of the monument will be in excess of a half-million dollars. Two blocks to the west is the magnificent State capitol, and a block to the north is the Public Library building, classical in its simplicity.

In choosing the topics of statecraft, literature and art to lend the city distinction, it may not be amiss to lend a few words to the musical ambition of Indianapolis. The Indiana May Festival Association is an established institution with a permanent chorus of several hundred. Between this festival and the annual one at Cincinnati, which so long held undisputed pre-eminence in Western musical affairs, there is a keen rivalry. Melba, Nordica, Lilli Lehmann, and on down the list of renowned singers, have bowed to the plaudits of these festival audiences.

You ask what has been the greatest achievement of the Indianapolis Journal. Of course you do not expect the sophomoric reply that it has helped to make the world better, assailed wrong, lifted up the weak and all those various things which are told when the editorial writer goes out to address college students. All newspapers are conducted pretty much on this plan, in so far as it does not interfere with counting-room ideas. Then under the head of achievements comes scoops which every paper has—or hasn't—now and then.

The Journal recalls one achievement—it recalls, mind you, never boasts as the Chicago and New York papers do. It was at a time when the fortunes of an Indiana favorite were jeopardized by the overzealousness of Chicago papers, who, having a Presidential favorite of their own, didn't want to give the Indiana man the least recognition. In 1888 Indiana was heart and soul for the nomination of Benjamin Harrison as the Republican candidate for President of the United States, while the Chicago journals were as keenly anxious to have the nomination remain in that city after the convention had adjourned. They wanted Walter Q. Gresham to be the actual custodian of the honor. Four years before, when the Republican convention was held in the same city, the local press first showed its disposition to ignore the Indiana man, and the Republicans of the State felt, in the ante-convention days of 1888, that the Chicago papers would again be a factor against General Harrison's nomination. John C. New, proprietor of the Indianapolis Journal, had been in the 1884 convention, and he readily foresaw that if the Chicago press persisted in the course it undertook the Indiana delegation would have uphill work in the 1888 convention in persuading delegates from other States that General Harrison would make the strongest candidate before the people. Mr. New resolved to carry the war into Africa—to compete with the Chicago papers in their own city. For six days of the convention, thousands of copies of the Indianapolis Journal, fresh from the press at four o'clock in the morning, and chock full of Harrison enthusiasm and argument, were bundled on board a special train and sent at a record-breaking speed to Chicago. When the people began to surge through the streets of the remarkable city at 8:30 o'clock in the morning dozens of newsboys were running about crying, "Here's your Indianapolis Journal—all about General Harrison!" Copies of the day's paper were on the breakfast-table of every delegate and poked under the nose of every man that had aught to do with the convention. An experienced corps of men was employed to distribute the paper, and the corps did its full duty to a man. This feat amused the Chicago journals, who looked on the bold out-of-town paper as the people of Brobdingnag might have looked on Mr. Gulliver when he made his first appearance in the midst of them. But by-and-by the delegates began to talk Harrison; and, almost before the Chicago papers were aware of it, General Harrison was nominated. It is said some of the journals really grew alarmed at the Indianapolis paper's enterprise, lest the outsider might from that time on come in competition with them every day on the streets of Chicago; but the Journal had a big enough field of its own in Indiana.

John C. New, the proprietor of the Journal, is a close friend of General Harrison, and when the latter became President Mr. New was appointed Consul-General at London, a position which he filled four years. His first office of national prominence was that of Treasurer of the United States, serving during General Grant's first term as President. For a dozen or more years he had served as chairman of the Republican State Committee of Indiana. Mr. New was born in Jennings County, Indiana, in 1831, and was educated at Bethany College, Virginia. Returning to Indiana, he entered the law office of Governor David Wallace, at Indianapolis, having as a companion in the same office Lew Wallace, who afterward became the distinguished soldier and author. William Stewart, Clerk of Marion County, appointed Mr. New as a deputy in his office, and upon the death of the Clerk Mr. New succeeded to the office. At the next election Mr. New was a candidate and was successful by a majority of thirty-seven, every other Republican on the ticket being defeated. At Governor Morton's solicitation, he became Quartermaster-General of the State during the war, rendering services of great value to the State during that troublesome period.

ITALY WILL TRY AGAIN.

General Baldissera, commanding the Italian forces in Abyssinia, has received a letter from King Menelik in which that monarch writes that if Italy refuses the terms of peace offered through Major Salsa, the Italian envoy to the Abyssinian camp, he will hold Major Salsa as a hostage until the letters defining the terms of peace are returned to him.

General Baldissera immediately sent back the letters, and now considers that peace negotiations between Italy and Abyssinia have been finally ruptured.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS TO COLORADO AND THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) have arranged for five personally conducted tours in private Pullman cars, through the most interesting parts of the west. Leave Chicago and St. Louis, June 23, July 7, 14, 21 and 28. The price of a ticket covers all expenses and the amount is considerably less than what it would cost one to make the trip alone. A special agent accompanies each party, and attends to all details. Write for a descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Manager Tours Department, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark Street, Chicago.



When shall we come to that delightful day
When each can say to each "dost thou remember?"



Let us fill urns with rose leaves in our May
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December.—BULWER.

ONLY A YANKEE'S GRAVE.

BY JOSEPH E. WILLIAMS.

"AND that one, the little lonely mound over there?" "Oh, that's only a Yankee's grave," and the last speaker turned away to follow one of the winding paths of the little graveyard, which the day before had been abundantly decorated with flowers in homage to the Confederate dead.

"Only a Yankee's grave," murmured the young man who had asked about the little mound of earth that seemed so separate from the others. "Only a Yankee's grave," and at this repetition of the words his voice, instead of being sweet with sympathy as before, had a sterner ring. He sprang across the little graveled walk and hastened over the unkempt stretch of grass that separated the Yankee's grave from the row of Confederate mounds. He had noticed before that the grave had not been neglected; he had seen the flowers about it, and even as he advanced toward it the bitter thoughts that had been aroused by his companion's slighting remark were intensified, for he felt that these blossoms were left upon that mound simply as a general charity—in the spirit of duty, not love; with coldness, not sympathy; as a matter of conscience overcomes a feeling of contempt. "There is neither honor nor homage in the act," he thought; but as he drew closer he discovered unmistakable signs of personal attention. The mound had been shaped and carefully weeded; the greenest of soil covered it; fresh and fragrant blossoms were piled on the grave. Here there was no conventional decoration, but roses and lilies, jasmine, rare carnations, violets and heart's-ease in sweet confusion testified to the reverence that had administered. A wreath hung gracefully about the little marble slab, falling across the name of the dead soldier; and this wreath was woven of Jacqueminot roses, lilies-of-the-valley and superb double blue violets. Its significance struck the observer at once. The young man, as he gazed at the colors, was more than astonished.

"Who could have done this thing?" he asked himself. "Who of all the Southern men and women, while paying their loving tribute to their own dead, could have been so thoughtful of the Federal's grave? Who upon such an occasion, when Southern sentiment was at its flood, could have wrapped a Northern soldier in his country's colors?"

The afternoon was drawing to a close; the superb springtime sun threw off great beams of yellow light, that split into myriads of golden arrows against the trees of the Southern cemetery and fell quivering across the houses of the dead below. The solitary lingerer at the one stranger's grave looked about him. On his right was row after row of lowly mounds heaped with flowers, tributes to the dead, testimonials that the living remembered and loved and revered. To his left was this simple grave, beautiful itself, but lonely and pitifully apart from the others. "Poor fellow!" said he; "so far from those who loved your cause, so far from those who loved you." Then he reached for the wreath that hid the name. "Who are you, I wonder? Who were you that your clay should command respectful attention even amid seeming neglect?" He raised the wreath and read:

"Sacred to the memory of
WALTER GREENAWAY,
Capt. — Massachusetts Cavalry.
Died March 18, 1863."

The words amazed him. For a moment he gazed at the name incredulously, and then with a low cry, half surprise, half joy, uttered the words, "My uncle, my mother's brother!" and he sank reverently into the grass about the grave.

Although Walter Denham had never seen this soldier-uncle, still the memory of him was a sacred subject in his Northern home. Was not his very name, Walter Greenaway Denham, given him because of the affection which his mother—and his father, too—bore for the soldier who slept beneath this mound? Fond recollections of this affection swept over his memory. How often had tales of the gallant courage of "Uncle Walter" been poured into his childish ear by a devoted mother; actions of splendid and chivalric honor recited by his grand old father as examples of true manhood to be cherished and followed. Tears always came into his mother's eyes after such stories; and, old soldier though he was, Colonel Denham never could refer to Captain Walter Greenaway without a suspicious moisture about his eyelids and a perceptible tremor in his voice. Young Denham knew the story well. His mother's only brother, so young—barely twenty when the war broke out—so brave and so handsome, in the love for his country had enlisted as a private. After each engagement of importance his fellow-townsmen heard of the young soldier; his name coupled with words of praise appeared upon reports that were marked "Recommended for promotion." Step by step Private Greenaway, because of his daring courage, became Sergeant Greenaway; a splendid act of soldierly discipline made him Lieutenant Greenaway, and a brilliant and masterly charge upon the guns of the enemy gave him a troop of horse. In the early days of the war Colonel Denham was his companion-in-arms and he looked upon Greenaway as a younger brother. He was aware of the dazzling qualities which always attracted attention and admiration for the young soldier; loved his engaging manners, generosity and handsome person; honored him for his noble self-respect and devotion to a principle he believed right, and knew him the true friend, and as brave a knight as ever Middle Age chivalry gave the world. Soon after he had won his last commission Captain Greenaway was removed to another division of the army. He was wounded in battle and was given leave of absence upon the sick-list. He turned his steps northward, but never reached home. In fact, he became one of the many upon that dreaded list known as the missing.

There were evil tongues in the Massachusetts village as well as in other portions of the world. The envy excited by young Greenaway's promotions did not fail to vent itself in sneering innuendo, and some, more bitter than the rest, openly proclaimed a belief in the young captain's desertion. Colonel Denham, returning

with honor from the war, silenced these slanderers by marrying the missing captain's sister, and fairly trampled them under foot when he gave his only son the name that they had dared to sully, but which he felt certain had been worn with honor from the cradle to the grave. But, because the suspicion had once existed, the young officer's family, to show their confidence and pride in him, made his name the most sacred in their household—he was more than hero.

Walter, as he sat by the little grave in the Southern cemetery at Oldridge, remembered it all—remembered the long years of unavailing search that had been made for this grave—a search that he had participated in, a search instigated by honor and continued because of love.

He recalled the hopes and fears of his dear mother when something akin to a clow would be discovered; he remembered her tears of disappointment and his father's grief when each hope faded in turn and gave place to despair. But they loved to comfort themselves by again and again recounting the devotion and heroism of the lost soldier, until Walter felt that he knew him as a second father, and loved him as a noble nature loves deeds that kindle noble emotions. And now this hero of his childhood, this exemplar of youth was found, buried in a little country graveyard, his mound of earth stigmatized as "only a Yankee's grave!" The thought caused the blood to rush in hot and angry torrents to his face; he sprang to his feet; his eyes, which were aglow with anger, fell upon the wreath of red roses, white lilies-of-the-valley and blue violets, and his heart was touched. A joyful and triumphant satisfaction filled his soul. "At least," he thought, looking at the grave, "no suspicion can now rest upon your name; you died captain of the — Massachusetts Cavalry," now glancing tenderly at the wreath, "and thirty-three years afterward I find you lying still your country's colors. God bless the hand that put them there."

Walter Denham walked hurriedly from the cemetery. His first duty he felt was to telegraph home; and, as he walked toward the office, he pictured the happiness, tinged with melancholy, with which his news would be received. He thought, too, that as several weeks intervened between Confederate Memorial Day in the South and Federal Decoration Day in the North, the remains of the long-lost soldier could be transported in time to receive the martial honors of the latter occasion. It was, therefore, with a feeling of buoyant satisfaction that he sent the message to his father, and then, man-like, he immediately thought of some one to tell it to.

As engineer assisting in the construction of Oldridge's first railroad, Walter had been a resident of the village now for nearly a year. He was young, good-looking and an agreeable companion, and the society of Oldridge had received him right cordially. The young engineer appreciated the kindness of his reception and engaged in the social amusements of the place with zest and evident pleasure.

Very soon after his arrival he met Alice Alston, whose charms quickly attracted his attention. Alice in turn was pleased with Denham, and gradually the two found such true happiness in each other's companionship that each recognized and gladly welcomed the love of the other. They were now engaged to be married, and it was to Alice that Denham next went with the news of his discovery.

He remembered he was to meet her at the house of a friend, at dusk, and walk home with her. Miss Barbara Holcombe was this friend. She was the old maid of Oldridge. She lived quite alone in the house in which she had been born, and was "Aunt Barbara" by courtesy and affection to half the young people of the village; "Miss Barbara" to the others. A quiet, serene, patient, sweet-faced woman was Miss Barbara. There was no discontent in her dear old face now; no eccentricities in her life. But her countenance had not always been so sweetly resigned, nor her living thus serene. Her life had known trials and her heart great bitterness. Oldridge loved and respected her. She was gentle and kind to all; poor in worldly goods—for the war had ruined her father's property, killed that father and taken the lives of two brothers—but poor as Miss Barbara was in purse, she was rich in affection and charity. Her wants were few; she gave much.

Walter found both ladies on the veranda. He was in high spirits, now, and his lively talk was very pleasant to the elder lady as well as to his sweetheart; but he was so full of his discovery that he sat but a short time before he was saying good-night, with Alice leaning on his arm.

The couple strolled along leisurely into the night, and as they passed out of the gate Walter said:

"Alice, do you know the Yankee's grave in the cemetery?"

"Of course," replied Alice; "that's Aunt Barbara's grave."

"Aunt Barbara's grave?" exclaimed Walter.

"Certainly, Aunt Barbara's grave; everybody knows that. Why," and she looked up at Walter, "Aunt Barbara has tended that grave ever since the war. She keeps it fresher and prettier than any in the cemetery, and she never fails to put red, white and blue flowers about it both on Confederate Day and on Decoration Day."

"God bless her for it!" interrupted Walter.

"Why, Walter, how does that affect you?" asked the girl.

"Affect me!" he replied, "affect me! that dead soldier is my uncle!"

Then, as the lovers walked through the town Walter told her of his finding the grave, told her the story of Captain Walter Greenaway, told her of the long search that had been made. He pictured his mother's and his father's joy when his telegram would reach them, and he ended with the hope that his father would come to Oldridge at once for the purpose of removing the remains to Massachusetts in time for Decoration Day.

At this Alice stopped him. "Oh, but you mustn't move that grave," said she.

"Mustn't move it?" replied the young man. "Why not, pray? Who will prevent it? Does he not belong to us?"

"Yes," rejoined Alice; "but Aunt Barbara won't have it. That's her grave, I tell you. He is her

soldier; she claims him, and she just will not let you touch him."

Walter smiled at this. They were near Alice's home, and he dropped the argument for the discussion of their love and plans for the future.

In the meantime Miss Barbara, who had been quite sprightly in conversation during young Denham's visit, sighed gently when he left with Alice. She still sat in the wicker rocking-chair upon the veranda, though the night was well on and the stars shown out in their silent and inscrutable beauty. It was a favorite seat of hers, and the darkness held no terror; indeed, it aided fancy to picture the shores of the long ago where her memory loved to dwell. Finally she said, as if whispering to the Madeira vine at her side: "How he reminds me of my soldier." Then she arose and went into the house. Silently she passed along the hall and climbed the stairs. She sighed again as she picked up a lighted lamp and, still without a sound, glided into one of the big front rooms. The light showed it to be scrupulously neat. In a corner stood an old-fashioned dressing-table which Miss Barbara approached with reverence. Upon the marble an open Bible lay; beside the book a faded blue cap reposed upon a still more faded blue cavalry coat; a sheathed sword was stretched diagonally across the open Bible.

This, then, was her dead soldier's altar. For more than thirty years had Miss Barbara brushed the dust from these relics. She had given to them a love passing all worldly understanding. There she had passed her young womanhood, there she had offered the incense of her adoration. In that mirror she had seen the young light of her eyes slowly fade before the advancing years, the brown hair become streaked with white, the buoyancy and sweetness of youth gradually wane until she and the faded fragments of blue seemed appropriate companions. Only the sword had escaped Time's withering blight, and it, like Miss Barbara's love, was as bright and unstained as upon the day when her soldier first won and wore it. She touched it gently, then raised it reverently to her lips. She drew the shining blade half from its sheath. Ah! well she remembered how it had flashed and gleamed as if with indignant anger. She saw it all so easily, so vividly. The crowd of rough men who broke down the front fence, the terrified negro girls running to bolt the doors, screaming with fear as they obeyed the orders of her courageous mother. There were dreadful oaths and vile language, a blow, a crash, and the disorderly ruffians came tumbling into the hallway and confronted one heroic woman whose arm supported her, then a trembling girl, and at whose feet the blacks crouched in terror. Horrible threats of death and murder and flames fell fast from those dreadful men—threats which they were upon the point of executing when the gleam of that saber flashed like Gabriel's own sword in the faces of those uncouth animals, and the manly ring of a commanding voice silenced the cursing and swearing that had afflicted her very soul. In a few moments the fearful wretches were gone and in their place stood the young Federal officer, with cap in hand, and giving assurances in firm but gentle words that all was well and should continue well.

Ah, yes, he kept this assurance faithfully. For days and weeks and months the young captain lived in the house, his presence being the very surest protection; and afterward, when his regiment was ordered further South, he galloped mile upon mile, ostensibly to inquire of the comfort of the older lady, but really to breathe a heart's full devotion into Barbara's ear. And she had scorned that love then. Was he not her country's enemy, in arms against her father and her brothers? How could she, the partisan Southern girl, care for him, her Northern foe? Yes, she spurned him from her; but he—she knew her heart even better than she herself did. For once again he came to her—not in all his manly strength as before, but shot cruelly, wounded unto death, quite speechless, but in his eyes shone the love-lights of sublime confidence, and on his face, though death was present, she read the knowledge of the knowledge that discovered her own heart to her own soul, and the flood-gates of love were raised within her bosom. He came but to die in her arms, yet his death joined her to him for all eternity.

These few relics of him were all she had. They were her very own—they and the little mound of earth over yonder in the graveyard. Again the old maid pressed the sword to her lips. For the moment she was a girl of twenty; but as she replaced it across the Bible the mirror told her that time had measured out to her a full half-century of life.

The next day and the one that followed showed Walter Denham that the Yankee's grave was more respected in Oldridge than he had imagined.

Alice told him flatly that he wouldn't be permitted to touch it; others in the little town informed him that because of the love the village had for Miss Barbara every one held the grave in high reverence. One old gentleman, while talking about it said: "Why, sir, that Yankee belongs to Miss Barbara Holcombe, sir, and it's worth the peace of mind of the oldest citizen of Oldridge to even look at it, sir, with disrespect."

Remarks such as this one, and there were many of them, were not calculated to ease the disquietude that now beset the young man. He went to the depot to meet his father with grave apprehensions of what might occur should he and Colonel Denham insist upon removing his uncle's remains, and he was almost relieved when the train arrived and his father was not among the passengers. However, the next afternoon Alice and Walter met the Colonel at the depot.

Colonel Denham was a well-preserved man of sixty. His was an erect and commanding figure, and his countenance indicated both a kind heart and a resolute will. His first words of greeting were for Alice.

"Child," said he, putting both hands tenderly about her shoulders and gazing at her with mingled affection and admiration, "this kiss is for Walter's mother, and this one," suiting the action to the words, "is for myself. Both of us old people are eager for the coming of the day that will make Walter supremely happy and give you to us as a daughter."

She pressed the old man's hands fervently and released them only to permit Walter to give welcome to

his father. A moment afterward the trio was in the carriage driving from the station.

On the way uptown Colonel Denham said he had stopped over the day before at M——, the county seat, for the purpose of securing necessary legal permission for opening the grave; "and I have it, my boy," continued he, addressing Walter, "so we need not delay a minute in being about our work."

"It will be better to defer it until to-morrow," replied Walter.

"Why?" asked the Colonel.

"Well," hesitated Walter, "you see there is some sentiment—"

"Oh, I expect there is," broke in the Colonel; "but there, that need not sway us in the least."

"You don't understand," ventured Alice. "It's not that kind of sentiment at all. Quite the contrary. In fact an old lady of Oldridge—Aunt, or, rather, Miss Barbara Holcombe—has kept that grave green and fresh ever since the war, and I feel sure she will not like for you to move her soldier."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Colonel; "then we owe her a deep debt of gratitude. No doubt, however, she will be glad to learn that the body is in the hands of relatives."

"But she won't," Alice said, stoutly.

"I do hope," replied the Colonel, seriously, "that our wishes will not conflict, for I am deeply grateful for the attention you say this lady has given to the grave of my brother; but at the removal of the body is of such great moment to us that I cannot permit the sentiment of a stranger to interfere with it."

The carriage had stopped at the little hotel. Colonel Denham said good-by to Alice, and added: "Walter and I will finish our work this afternoon, and then we will spend the evening with you, my child."

When the two gentlemen had left the carriage Alice began to think of the consequence to Miss Barbara of the act upon which they were intent. She felt certain that the old lady knew nothing. However, she concluded to drive home that she might announce Colonel Denham's arrival; but along the road she was haunted by Miss Barbara's sweet face, which seemed to look at her with gentle reproach. She banished this as well as she could, even forgot it for a while, when, having reached home, she found her mother eager to hear her description of her future father-in-law; but as she left her mother's presence, after a long and confidential chat, the sad picture of the lonely little woman presented itself with increased pitifulness to her mind. "I must tell her; it is my duty to do so," said she to herself. Without waiting for any further change of opinion the young girl ordered the carriage and several minutes afterward she was on the way to Miss Barbara's house.

Miss Barbara was trimming her flowers when Alice drove up. As her visitor did not leave the carriage the old maid, with several lovely roses in her hands, came to the fence. "See," said she, holding out the flowers, "are they not beautiful?"

"Indeed they are," replied Alice; "but, Aunt Barbara, have you heard about Walter and—and the Yankee soldier's grave in the cemetery?"

"No," said the old lady.

"Well," continued Alice, with considerable hesitation, "Walter has discovered that the soldier was his uncle."

"I thought there was a likeness," murmured Miss Barbara, softly; and then to Alice: "Well, child?"

"Well," said Alice, with still more confusion, "Walter's father is here, and—and—oh, Aunt Barbara, he's going to take the body to Massachusetts!"

Miss Barbara received the words like a rough blow. Her face whitened to the lips; her frail form swayed like a reed. She dropped the roses from her hand and clutched the fence for support. Alice leaped from the carriage and ran toward her, but the old maid in another moment had flung the gate wide open, passed through it with a determined step and, gripping Alice by the arm, said, in a voice that frightened the girl: "When?"

"This afternoon," faltered Alice.

"Never!" exclaimed the old maid.

She almost lifted Alice into the carriage, sprang in herself and gave the order: "To the graveyard!"

The carriage fairly flew along the road, for the driver was frightened at the little old lady who sat bolt upright, with white face, lips compressed and eyes flashing. Alice, too, was frightened, but she could not utter a word. The old lady was terribly silent, but she looked the incarnation of defiance. On rattled the vehicle; it flew through the open cemetery gate like an arrow; it sped over the winding paths and stopped within a few yards of the Yankee's grave.

One glance was enough for Miss Barbara. She saw men grouped about the grave. One, an elderly gentleman, was replacing the wreath upon the tombstone. His eyes were wet, for the old warrior had been moved to tears; and, as he brushed away the glistening drops, he motioned to the others to begin their work, but before one spade could touch the sod Miss Barbara was among them.

"Don't you dare to touch him!" she cried.

The men fell back immediately. Alice, who had followed Miss Barbara, ran to Walter's side. The young man put his arm about her and stood near his father, who gazed at the defiant little old lady with open astonishment.

Miss Barbara rested one hand tenderly upon the headstone and her eyes flashed in Colonel Denham's face like the gleam of a rapier. The old warrior met the look without flinching; then, as an officer and a gentleman, he bowed to the figure before him and said:

"Madam, I have been told that you have cared for this grave for many years. For this care permit me, the husband of this dead soldier's sister, not only to thank you, but to give to you our most heartfelt gratitude."

Miss Barbara received this speech in silence.

The old Colonel was a trifle confused, but, soldier-like, he returned to the attack: "I recognize, madam," said he, "that this is a melancholy occasion. Let me hope that our grief will be made as light as possible. With your permission, then, we will begin—"

"You shall not!" exclaimed the old lady, her features moving with emotion. "He is mine, my very own," she continued; "for all these years he has belonged to me and I cannot, will not, give him up."

"But, madam," broke in the Colonel, "his sister wants him."

"Sister!" cried Miss Barbara, "sister! what's she to me, or to him? Would you put her against me? She, whose affection is for a few short years in life, while I have loved him longer in death than she ever knew him alive. To her he is but a memory; to me—O God! he is my all. Never, sir, never!" and the old lady's defiance protected the grave like leveled bayonets.

Colonel Denham was distressed. He moved restlessly about. "Come, madam," said he, "I beg you will not delay us. It is growing late now, and I have authority from the county court—"

"Authority!" interrupted Miss Barbara, with fine scorn; "authority to rob an old woman of a grave! Men," addressing the negroes employed by the Colonel, "will any one of you touch this grave when I forbid it?"

The negroes hung their heads, but each man dropped his implement and appeared bent on leaving the spot. Colonel Denham grew red in the face; matters might have become even more complicated when Walter said:

"Miss Barbara, we want that body for another reason. Some of them at home, at one time, dared to say that my uncle deserted."

"And you let them live!" cried the old lady, with superb indignation. "God! if I were a man," she continued, clenching her hand. Then with ineffable tenderness she sank upon her knees and wound her arms about the headpiece: "My poor slandered hero!" she murmured. "Ah, sir," she said, addressing Colonel Denham, the tears trembling in her eyes, "clear his good name—yes, at any expense protect his name. But, oh! can you not tell them of what you have seen here? Man, man, it is too much! Take them this wreath. Go to my home—the child there will show you—enter the east room—his room; see the poor little blue cap, touch the faded blue jacket—his cap, his jacket. Ah, draw his sword. It is there, bright as his own honor. Take them—take them all! And here—here is his grave!"

She tried to rise, but her strength was not equal to the effort, and the poor old woman fell like a broken flower upon the mound, her body convulsed with sobs.

Colonel Denham already had his hat in his hand. Tears fell freely from the old warrior's eyes. "Such love conquers all our plans," muttered he, softly, turning gently from the grave and beckoning his companions to follow.

Alice would have gone to Miss Barbara. "No, no, child," said the Colonel, detaining her, "leave the carriage only; such emotions must be viewed by God alone."

The dying sun lifted long spears of gold and emerald straight up above the horizon, the shadows of evening drew closer to earth, the twilight climbed over the cemetery fence and crept among the decorated sepulchers of the dead; but as the gray dusk hugged the green graves it yet seemed to crouch back from the figure at this one mound, and, as it whispered its sympathy to the dying flowers, it failed not to pour soothing consolation and the sweet assurance of love's victory into the heart of the little old maid weeping beside the grave of her beloved soldier.

A SCIENTIST ON THE X RAYS.

John Daniel of Vanderbilt University writes as follows about the X rays: "The most interesting observation is a physiological effect of the X rays. A month ago we were asked to undertake the location of a bullet in the head of a child that had been accidentally shot. On the 29th of February Dr. William L. Dudley and I decided to make a preliminary test of photographing through the head with our rather weak apparatus before undertaking the surgical case. Accordingly Dr. Dudley, with his characteristic devotion to the cause of science, lent himself to the experiment. A plateholder containing the sensitive plate was tied to one side of his head, with a coin between the plate and his head, and the tube was set playing on the opposite side of his head. The tube was about one-half inch distant from his hair, and the exposure was one hour. The plate developed nothing; but twenty-one days after the experiment all the hair came out over the space under the X ray discharge. The spot is now perfectly bald, being two inches in diameter. This is the size of the X ray field close to this tube. We, and especially Dr. Dudley, shall watch with interest the ultimate effect. The skin looks perfectly healthy, and there has been no pain nor other indication of disorder. I called attention to the place before Dr. Dudley had himself noticed it, and we were both for some time at a loss to account for it, as we had no previous intimation of any effect whatever."

"But this little incident may bear a suggestion. The X rays are as yet unexplained; but the suggestion, beginning with Professor Roentgen himself, has more than once been made that they are longitudinal rather than transverse vibrations. It is difficult to distinguish a longitudinal displacement of the ether from an electric current, as far as it goes. It is a well-known method of exterminating hair, that of sending a current to its roots by a needle. If any such quasi-electric current has resulted from the X rays, the effect upon the hair might be thus accounted for. The intensity of the discharge was not sufficient to heat the tube except very slightly; and the occasional small electrostatic spark from the surface of the tube to the hair, but which was hardly noticeable, will also not account for this effect."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO DECIDE.

President Cleveland is engaged in the arbitration of the claim of Italy against Colombia, all the papers in the dispute having finally been presented in accordance with the convention between the disputants. The case involves damages amounting to nearly one and a half million dollars, on account of the persecution of Ernesto Cerruti, a wealthy merchant and Italian Consular representative during a revolution in Colombia about ten years ago.

The Italian brief, which was delivered to the President by Frederic R. Coudert and S. Mallet-Prevost some time ago, and to which Calderon Carlisle, for the defense, has only recently filed an elaborate technical reply, declares that Cerruti, who had during a long

residence in Colombia amassed a considerable fortune, establishing one of the greatest mercantile organizations in that country, was accused of violating neutrality between contending parties in the revolution of 1885, and all his estates were confiscated. After vainly endeavoring to secure reparation, Italy broke off diplomatic relations with the South American State and sent a warship to rescue Cerruti and his family from the country.

Through a protocol arranged by the Colombian and Italian Ministers at Paris in 1886 Colombia agreed to return all Cerruti's property, and the question of his neutrality was referred to the Government of Spain, which in 1888 decided that Cerruti had not violated neutrality and had not lost the rights and privileges of a neutral foreigner, and was entitled to indemnity for the injuries sustained. For the next five years negotiations continued between Italy and Colombia, finally resulting in the agreement of August 18, 1894, to leave the matter to the arbitral decision of President Cleveland. This agreement was reached only after Cerruti had declined Colombia's offer to settle for one million francs in gold.

It is understood that one of the first official duties of Assistant Secretary of State Baldwin has been to study the enormous mass of evidence and argument that has been presented by the distinguished counsel on both sides.

A. P. A., THE PRESIDENCY AND MCKINLEY.

Representative W. S. Linton of the Saginaw (Mich.) District, who has been urged by certain of the A. P. A. leaders as a possible candidate for President, denies that he is or has been a candidate, and says that the use of his name in connection with the Republican nomination for President is unauthorized, and that his name will not be presented to the St. Louis convention with his consent, and that he will not be a candidate on an independent A. P. A. ticket. Mr. Linton is a candidate for renomination for Congress.

W. W. Lanning says that the chairman of the national advisory board of the American Protective Association made a misstatement in Boston recently in saying that Governor McKinley had "turned Lanning down" as a candidate for State Oil Inspector in Ohio because of his prominence in the order. Mr. Lanning says: "I was a candidate because of certain political complications, and recognized at the time that the reappointment of L. W. Buckmaster was right. The complications have worked out to my satisfaction. The statement sent out from Boston was made without consultation with me."

THE LATEST INVASION.

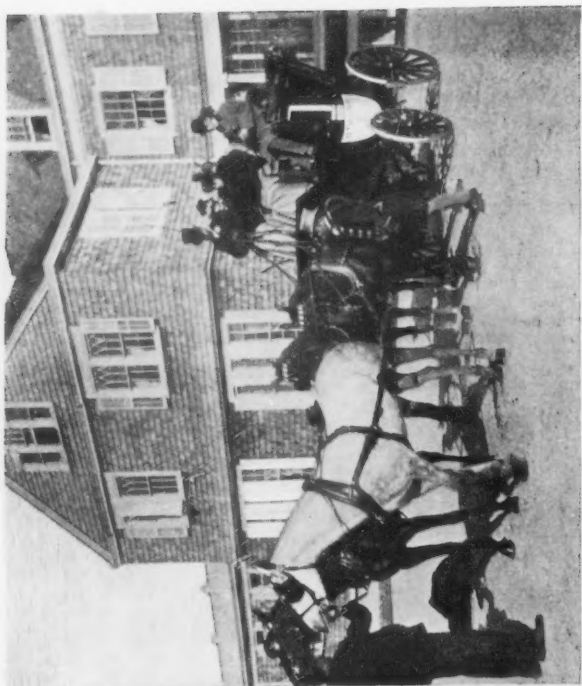
Speaking of the present extraordinary immigration of Italians at this port Dr. Joseph H. Senner, Commissioner of Immigration, said:

"During the calendar year—a period of three months and a half—about 16,000 Italians have been landed on Ellis Island, but the notable thing is that nearly all have arrived since about the 15th of March, or within one month. This is a remarkable influx, and, so far as the records of this office show, quite unprecedented. Full statistics have been known here only since July 1, 1893, so that I can furnish but meager comparisons. As the statistics for the current month have not been formulated, I shall have to take March for comparison with the same month in 1895 and 1894. In 1894, then, the Italian immigrants in March numbered 3,505; in 1895, 2,665; and in 1896, 9,320—nearly all of whom arrived in the latter half of the month. During the half of this month the number has been somewhat smaller, and I am inclined to think that within a few weeks the immigration will decrease to normal proportions. The grade of the arrivals is extremely low. Nearly if not quite fifty per cent of them have been detained for inquiry, and probably twenty per cent, if not more, have been, or will be, debarred and deported."

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

"The President might have hunted the country over without finding another man so well qualified to go to Cuba as an expert military observer," said a prominent Virginian recently, an old friend and comrade of Fitzhugh Lee, speaking of the latter's appointment as Consul-General at Havana. "If we believe at all in heredity, Fitzhugh Lee's military training began a century ago. His father was Admiral Smith Lee of the Navy, and his grandfather was Light Horse Harry Lee of the Revolution. Robert E. Lee, the Confederate chieftain, was his uncle. Fitzhugh Lee was a lieutenant of cavalry in the United States Army before the war, and all the habits of his mind, his tastes, his studies have been in that direction. Nor has he been without experience in civil affairs; for four years he was Governor of Virginia, and was instrumental in bringing about the settlement of the State debt that Mahone had sought to repudiate in part—or 'readjust,' as they called it. No man since General Halleck among our military leaders has been better versed in international law, or better acquainted with military procedure and the real meaning of war. Moreover, the Lees for generations have been noted for their substratum of old-fashioned common sense. With the exception of Light Horse Harry, they have never been brilliant men; Robert E. Lee was not a brilliant man, but he was clear-headed; and they have all been noted for their sound judgment and freedom from eccentricity. Old Light Horse Harry was a brilliant man, a fine conversationalist and the author of at least one very readable book."

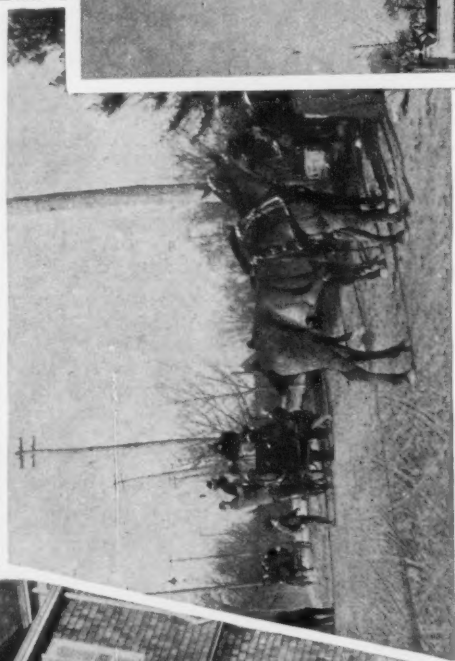
"It is on account of these qualities that Fitzhugh Lee has been chosen for the critical post in the midst of the Cuban War. It was only after conference with Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Olney that he was induced to go. General Lee was so far from desirous of such an appointment that he told the President that if it had been offered him at the beginning of the Administration he should have positively declined it. He takes it now only because of the peculiar emergency that exists, and because he has been urged to do so as a public duty. I say that knowingly. He takes it, indeed, at a very great personal sacrifice; he is a poor man, and while this post commands a good salary, he makes a sacrifice in other directions to go to it."



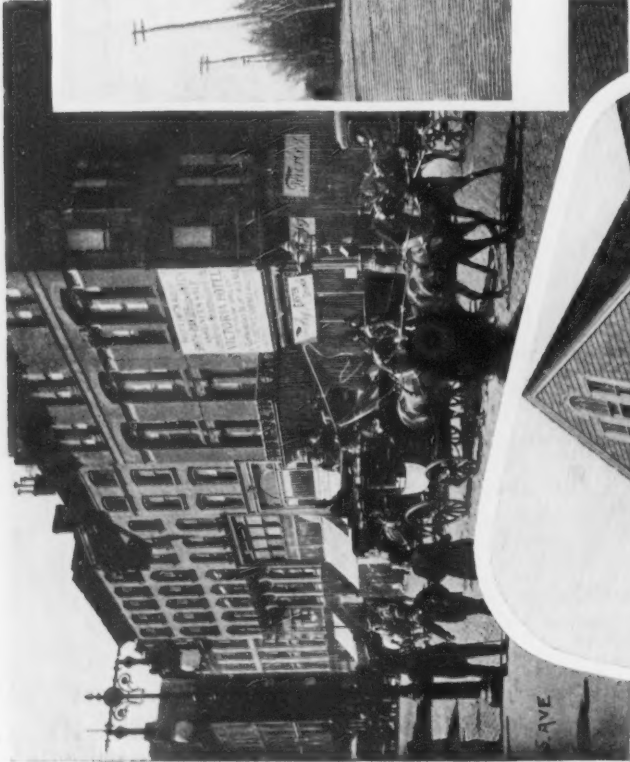
READY FOR THE START BRACK



CHANGING HORSES



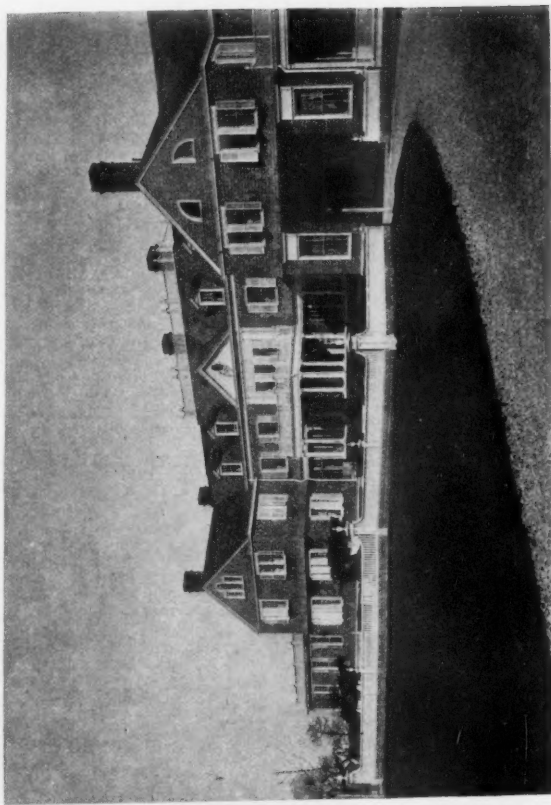
A CHANGE ON THE RETURN



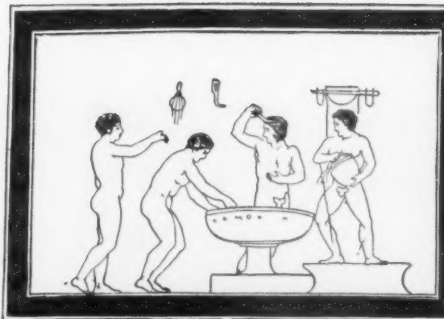
SAVE



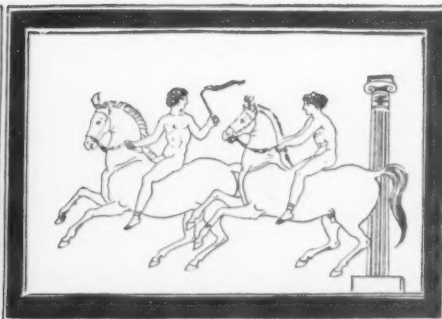
THE GUARD



OPENING OF THE COACHING SEASON.

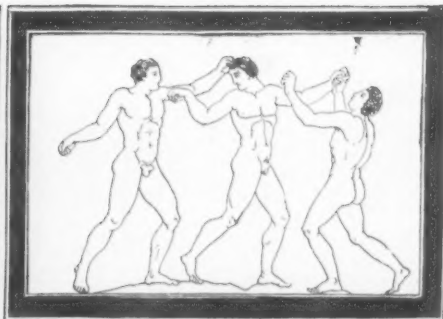


On ancient vases representing Greeks bathing, we never find anything corresponding to a modern bath. The Greek bath is always represented as a round or oval basin, by the side of which those who are bathing are represented standing. The middle figure is represented using a strigil, or flesh scraper.



A HORSE-RACE.

In the horse-races, the competitors rode naked and sat bareback.



There were two kinds of wrestling among the ancients, one in which the athlete stood upright as in the above illustration and the other in which they struggle with each while lying on the ground.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

AFTER a lapse of fifteen centuries Greece has seen the revival of her famous Olympic games. It is a curious fact that in a country with such glorious athletic traditions the youth of the nation in modern times should have become so indifferent to the physical exercises which delighted their forefathers. But within the last year or two a few active spirits have revived athletics, founded gymnastic societies all over the country, and the recent Olympic games were the outcome of the movement. The Crown Prince took the greatest interest in the scheme, while the munificence of a wealthy Greek merchant of Alexandria, M. Averof, enabled the games to be enacted in the Stadium of classic days.

Restored in pure marble, this beautiful arena, on the banks of the rivulet Thisus, recalls as closely as possible the structure originated by Lycurgus, and subsequently improved by Herodes Atticus. The scene was worthy of the setting when the games were formally inaugurated on the seventy-fifth anniversary of Greek independence. Unfortunately for the national honor, the Greeks themselves did not carry off many of the honors. Most of the victories fell to our American athletes, notably in the classic diskus-throwing contest where one of our Princeton boys defeated a famous Greek champion.

Of all the anecdotes bearing on the Olympic games there is none more significant than that related by Herodotus in the twenty-sixth chapter of his Eighth Book. The battle of Thermopylae had been fought and Xerxes had already overrun Attica, when he was assured by some recreant Arcadians, who had joined the side of the big battalions, that the men of the Peloponnese were even at that moment engaged in celebrating the Olympic games.

The sequel of the anecdote is worth telling. Xerxes asked what was the prize in the games, and when he was told that it was only a wreath of wild olive, a Persian grandee burst out, addressing the commander-in-chief: "Good heavens, Mardonius, what manner of men are these you have brought us to fight against—men who do not contend for money but for honor?" This dramatic outburst, which is said to have annoyed Xerxes not a little, is regarded by some as apocryphal; but, at any rate, it serves to illustrate two unquestioned facts—the immense interest taken by the Greeks in these games, and their laudable freedom from pot-hunting. As for the origin of the games, they are appropriately traced back to Hercules, the "strong man" of mythology, who instituted them to commemorate his conquest of Elis. A certain Aethlius, however, one of Zeus's numerous progeny, and King of Elis, is also mentioned as an early patron of the institution.

The first regular meeting was in 776 B.C., and as a continuous record of the games was kept by the Eleians, historians, some four hundred years later, took to measuring the sequence of events in Greek history by Olympiads, or periods of four years. At first the games were sadly lacking in variety, and consisted of nothing but a single sprint race in the Stadium, or measured course of two hundred yards. Corebus was the first winner, and Daicles the first who had to put up with the olive wreath. By the fourteenth Olympiad the spectators began to clamor for novelty. So the Diaulos, or double Stadium, was introduced, corresponding roughly to our quarter-mile. And at the very next meeting the Dolichos, or long-distance race, was added to the list of events. According to the Scholiasts it consisted of twenty laps or stades, which would be two miles five hundred and twenty-five yards. And here we may notice that it was shortly after winning the Dolichos that Ladas, the famous Laconian runner, expired. No record of his time is extant, but he was evidently a remarkably speedy mover, as his name became proverbial among the poets for swiftness of foot, while the

shapeliness of his proportions is attested by the fact that he served as a model to the most famous sculptor of his time.

An epoch-making innovation occurred at the eighteenth Olympiad, when a wrestling match and the Pentathlon were added. The Pentathlon, or contest of the five exercises, included at first jumping, quoit-throwing, running, wrestling and boxing. The last-named afterward gave place to throwing the javelin; and the peculiarity of the contest was that no one received the prize unless he was winner in all five events.

Another immensely important extension of the Olympic games was effected in 680 B.C. by the introduction of the chariot race with four horses. Hitherto the entries in the games had been confined to athletes, but the chariot race brought in a wholly new set of competitors in the shape of wealthy patrons of the turf, who could afford to retain the services of the best whips. Nor was this class confined to the sterner sex.

The most famous of the women who distinguished themselves in these games was a sporting princess, named Cynisca, of the Royal House of Sparta. She was the first woman who kept a racing stable and took the blue ribbon of the Hellenic turf. The impression created by her achievement was so great that a monument in her honor was erected at Olympia, in which she is represented with a chariot, charioteer and horses. Whether she actually took part in the contest is a mooted point. According to one account she did so in disguise, for women were vigorously excluded from the Olympic games, the dress of the athlete being, like the snakes in Greenland, represented by a minus quantity. The chariot races appear to have attracted more attention and excited more interest than any other event in the Olympic games. They afforded opportunities for the display of great magnificence on the part of the competitors, and frequent allusions in classical authors attest the importance attached to any family which could enter a team for the race. This was the case even in the Democratic States.

In the thirty-third Olympiad the single-horse race came in as well as the Pancration, a contest which included both wrestling and boxing. But whereas in ordinary boxing the pugilist wore a sort of knuckleduster of leather and iron, in the Pancration he fought with his bare knuckles. Aristotle makes mention of the distinction in his "Rhetoric," saying: "The man who can grip and hold fast is a wrestler; the man who can strike and shove off is a boxer; but he who uses both methods is 'pancratiastic.'"

As time went on fresh events were introduced into the Olympic programme: races for boys, for men in full regimental marching order—a competition plagiarized in our own days—and other fancy contests. The games, which were originally confined to a single day, were ultimately spread over five. During their progress no warfare might be carried on throughout Greece, and the whole territory of Elis was regarded as holy and inviolable. Visitors thronged to the spot from the distant colonies of Italy, Libya and Asia Minor, as well as from every city in European Greece, and the Ægean Isles. The various States sent their official representatives or Theori, who vied with each other in the splendor of their outfits, while the arduous duties of judging were assigned to ten men, chosen by lot from among the citizens of Elis, with a body of police under their direction to maintain order. The enthusiasm and excitement were immense.

The Romans affected to despise the Greek games in comparison with their own gladiatorial shows, but one of their greatest poets has borne undying testimony to the extraordinary influence of the Greek athletic ideal—*terrarum dominos erebit ad deos*. And in truth the Olympic games were the greatest in the world's history. As a modern writer has put it, "Time was reckoned by Olympiads, and measures by Olympic Stadia," a term, by the way, borrowed by the French for their athletic clubs. Long after Greek liberty had

been extinguished the Olympic festival preserved its favor and its drawing power, and was only finally abolished, after more than one thousand one hundred years of existence, by a decree of the Christian Emperor Theodosius in 324 A.D.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The first week of the baseball season of 1896 has been the most exciting first week on record in the vicinity of New York. The local team stood next to the last on the list, after five games played, with a standing of .200—exactly the reverse of the leaders, Pittsburg and Philadelphia, that stood at .800. The first-week weakness of the New York team was attributed by many to the absence of Rusie, a leader of last year's pitchers; but I cannot discuss that matter in the WEEKLY at this time. Rusie is a great pitcher; but it takes nine men to play the game and batting is one of the things they must learn to do. The batting of the team so far would not break many more than a dozen of eggs. Magnate Freedman is in a difficult position in his dispute with Rusie about the remission of \$200 fines from last year. New York is the banner baseball town, even with the team we have been having; but if the public should side with Rusie, this will be a bad year for baseball in Gotham. On the other hand, if the public takes the view that Freedman knows his own business; and if then Pitcher Clarke—Rusie's equal in the box—leads the team to the front with the help of the new young pitchers, where will Amos Rusie be? Without discussing the merits of the dispute, I venture the guess that the New York baseball public will eventually side with Freedman and that the New York team is made of sterner stuff than the first-week weakness would seem to indicate. Rusie is, therefore, advised to "play ball" in New York.

The other eleven clubs have no such trouble as this to contend with. Arthur Irwin, who managed Philadelphia last season, is managing New York, and is succeeded in the Quaker City by the cool and deliberate Nash of Boston. Brooklyn is strengthened in team work by McCarthy from Boston, while it is understood that the White Wings of peace will flutter, for a while at least, in both cities. Baltimore has captured a prize in Doyle from New York, if that daring player can be kept from too many head-on base-steals. Pittsburg is, on the whole, strengthened by the return of Third Baseman Lyons from St. Louis, while the latter ought to do better than last year under the lead of the veteran Latham from Cincinnati. The Queen City team is about the same as it was last year—except in the prospect, suggested by an Indianapolis correspondent, that Rusie may be released by New York and signed by his old friend Brush in Cincinnati. Louisville, led by Captain O'Brien, expects to occupy a place this season in the first division. The boys made a gallant fight at the end of last year; they must do it this year at the beginning.

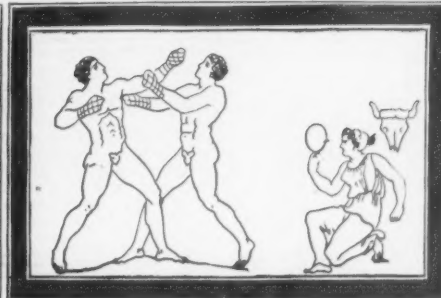
Washington, with a number of new players, has developed unexpected strength—as well befits the team at the Nation's Capital. Cleveland is, of course, to be reckoned with, but there is no change in the team since last year. Chicago, also—one of the always-coming division—is in statu quo. Captain Anson seems to have tired of corralling "colts," and would fain season or trade a few of last year's round-up.

A review of the situation shows that the only team that seems to be really weakened is New York; and that, I think, is only seeming. "Ninety-six promises to be a glorious year for the most daring and most scientific of all outdoor amusements, our own great battery game. Relations are, as a rule, amicable; magnates have their knives closed and in their pockets; the press is not "roasting" yet, and all is—except Rusie—serene. Play ball, then, Amos. Anyhow, I propose to stand by New York for a few weeks longer. My faith in the nervy and imperturbable Clarke is very hard to shake.



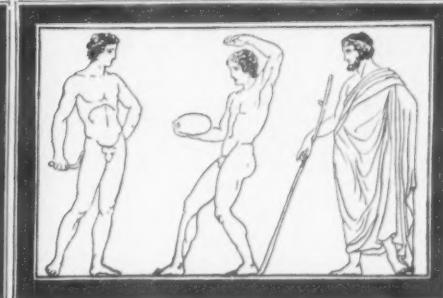
CHARIOT-RACING.

This plate represents Cynisca, the daughter of Archidamus II. of Sparta, the first woman who kept horses for chariot-races, and the first to win a victory in Olympian games.



A BOXING MATCH.

Boxers among the ancients had their hands bound with leather thongs.



HURLING THE DISK.

One of the principal gymnastic exercises of the ancients was that of hurling the disk. The disk was a circular plate of metal or stone, and the object of the competition was to decide who could throw it the furthest. The figure on the left is holding a strigil.

THE LATEST ABOUT VENEZUELA.

The Venezuelan Government has laid before the High Commission at Washington an authenticated document secured recently among the official records of the colony of British Guiana, which throws grave suspicion upon the accuracy of the Salisbury Blue Book, upon which England expressed a willingness to rest her claim to the disputed territory. This newly found document, in the opinion of those impartially studying the merits of the controversy, calls for a full and explicit explanation from Great Britain to the Parliament for whose accurate information the Blue Book was ostensibly prepared. The inaccuracies do not appear in Professor Pollock's argument accompanying the case, wherein all the errors have so far been discovered, and in a few instances corrected, but in what purports to be the presentation of all the evidence in the case. The disclosure relates to Document No. 17, and is the letter from Governor Light of the colony to the Marquess of Normandy, dated July 15, 1839, transmitting a report from Schomburgk regarding his travels under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society before the distinguished botanist had been employed by the Government to devise a provisional boundary line. As presented in the Blue Book, this letter opens as follows:

"Mr. Schomburgk, employed by the Geographical Society to obtain information in the interior of British Guiana and adjoining countries, who has lately arrived at Georgetown, having furnished me with the annexed memoir and map, I am enabled to reply to your Lordship's dispatch No. 11, dated 12 March, and to that of your Lordship's predecessor, No. 74, dated 1 December, 1838."

Right at this point, in the middle of the opening paragraph, the British official editors of the evidence have cut out the only matter in the letter that bears upon the merits of the dispute, and have laid themselves open to a charge of garbling an official paper. In the Blue Book the document goes on from this point to speak of other matters irrelevant to the dispute and immaterial to a consideration of the case. The remainder of the paragraph, as well as the second paragraph of the letter, both of which were suppressed without the formality of the usual marks showing that any omission was made, and which are now supplied through Venezuelan channels, were as follows:

"I shall observe, there are no documents in the archives of the colony respecting the western or southern limits of British Guiana; the memoir of Mr. Schomburgk is therefore valuable. It confirms the opinions of the Superintendent of Essequibo as to the western limits, and points out what may be fit subjects for discussion with the different Governments whose territories border on British

Guiana. The Colombian Government is desirous of ascertaining theirs.

"I have had the honor of mentioning in my dispatch, No. 105, dated December 17, the predatory excursions of the Brazilians near Fort St. Joachim. Mr. Youd, the missionary, has been warned to leave Pirara; the Brazilian authorities have claimed it, and having sent an officer to discover an ancient boundary mark within that limit, it appears he assumed the identity of an isolated stump of a tree with the landmark sought. The limits of this province may be everywhere defined by rivers and chains of mountains more conveniently than by parallels, which may be proved by Mr. Schomburgk's memoir. Under the impression that, as civilization has begun among the aborigines, the British nation alone can protect them. I cannot too strongly urge the immediate decision of the limits of British Guiana."

"Mr. Schomburgk's merits as a geographer will naturally point him out as a fit person to be employed in any commission for the question of boundary."

The fact here established that there were no documents in the archives of the colony respecting the western or southern limits of British Guiana at that critical period when both Brazil and Colombia were resisting the first encroachments of England, in the opinion of those now studying the question seriously weakens the British contention, and for that reason apparently there was no hesitation in suppressing it.

The duty of the Venezuelan High Commission is practically to find out whether the limits of British Guiana have been extended since the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated in 1823, British Guiana having been ceded to the English by the Dutch in 1814. The confession that in 1839 the colony was without a document bearing upon its southern or western boundary transfers the entire burden of proof upon Great Britain, and is held to invalidate all the British claims which cannot be fully substantiated by Dutch and Spanish records. Under ordinary circumstances the great mass of those archives quoted in the Blue Book might have had great weight with the High Commission, but the discovery of falsification in quoting an English letter has thrown a cloud over all the other pages of the book, and now the entire publication is regarded with distrust.

Senator Andrade, the Venezuelan Minister at Washington, is also having translated for the Commission the report of Don Jose Digurja, the Spanish Colonial Governor in 1763, to the Crown, which will be presented to the Commission in a week or two. The Blue Book gave two and a half pages to this document, which is considered by all concerned the most important extant on the relative limits of Dutch and Spanish territory before England appeared on the scene in



A GREAT INDUSTRY.

The new Enameline factory at Passaic, N. J., is now in operation. With their largely increased facilities, two car loads of Enameline are now made daily, which is probably at least double the amount of stove polish made by any other single manufacturer in the world.

These new works are a model in their way, having been designed by and erected under the supervision of Lockwood, Greene & Co., of Boston, who are among the leading mill architects of the world. Neither time nor expense has been spared to make it as perfect as possible; about One Hundred Thousand Dollars being invested in the factory alone. Provisions for light, heat, fire protection, ventilation, motive power, and general equipment are perfect and many new machines especially designed for these works give wonderfully perfect results with great economy of labor.

A few statistics may be interesting to the public and serve to illustrate the magnitude of the business. The total sales for 1895 aggregate 4,500 tons, or nearly 200,000 gross. The present output

of two car loads per day gives employment to over 300 hands, and consumes daily eight tons of tin plates for packages, over a quarter of million of labels, requiring forty-five gallons of paste to stick them to the packages, and about seven thousand feet of pine lumber for shipping cases. The last purchase of labels was one hundred millions. Over one hundred traveling men are constantly employed upon the road, selling and advertising Enameline in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

Distributing warehouses are located at New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, San Francisco, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull and Hamburg.

This immense business has been built up within seven years, and is based upon the public recognition of the superior merit of Enameline, together with energy and liberality of management, and an enormous expenditure for advertising the faith of the management in printers' ink, being the result of their experience.

Waverley Bicycles.

AMERICA'S FAVORITES.

Are Built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory on Earth.

Our unequalled facilities enable us to supply better bicycles for less money than other makers can afford to market an inferior production, hence in purchasing a Waverley there is a clear saving of \$15.00 or more. A higher grade bicycle, it is impossible to produce. Our catalogue explains all. Send for it.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

South America. The closely written manuscript copy of this authenticated report covers three hundred and ninety-six pages, and the Commission will neglect the British extracts of it and study the complete report.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Civil Engineer M. T. Endicott, who was one of the Board of Engineer officers which investigated the Nicaragua Canal route last summer, appeared before the House Commerce Committee April 17. He said that the Board spent seven days at Greytown, which he regarded as a most important point, and in all forty-two days in Nicaragua. Thirty-four days of this time were consumed in actual field work, and not fourteen, as had been claimed. They left behind them a party which made some additional surveys extending over a portion of nine days more. They realized the importance of the canal and made an honest effort to learn the true state of affairs. He regarded the company's plans as impracticable in some ways, and spoke particularly of the difficulty of maintaining the summit level of the canal without raising the dam four feet higher than was contemplated, a change which would involve great expense. He believed a canal along the line of the proposed route to be practicable, and thought that when completed it would meet all expectations. The canal, he thought, would cost one hundred and thirty-three million dollars, not counting the interest on the money invested. With that amount the Government could construct a canal with a navigable depth of twenty-eight feet.

Mr. Endicott was asked if the modifications suggested by the Board were adopted he would still advise that the Government should construct the canal. He replied that he would if the Government purposed building the waterway. He thought the United States ought to own a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. This was really a military necessity. He did not know of any route more favorable than the one under consideration. He regarded the Tehuantepec route as an ideal one, but the expense involved would be greater. From a strategic standpoint, however, it was the better of the two, as it could be more easily defended. The Nicaragua Canal, he believed, could be used for ships of the largest class.

Mr. Endicott was then questioned for some time as to the improvements made by the canal company at Greytown and along the line of the route. The work at Greytown Harbor he regarded as in bad condition. The pier was worm-eaten, and there was not much left there of any value. One mile of the canal had been built at Greytown to a depth of sixteen feet. It was in good condition. The plant at that point he did not regard as worth more than five hundred thousand dollars. The machinery was old, and if the work were renewed it would need to be supplied by improved machinery which had come on the market since the present plant had been established. The plant, when new, was worth probably a million and a quarter of dollars. He did not agree with Mr. Menocal that the canal could be constructed for seventy million dollars or for anything less than the Board's estimates. He should not advise Congress to build the canal now. He thought it better to delay and make more exhaustive surveys and calculations. Those surveys should be extended through a period of eighteen months, so that the work could be protracted through the two dry seasons. So much, he said, depends upon the hydraulic data, which the company had not collected with sufficient fullness, that a delay in beginning the work for this purpose was necessary.

TO PROTECT THE HORSE.

Among bills signed by Governor Morton last week was Assemblyman Finn's bill to regulate the practice of horseshoeing in the cities of the State of New York having a population of fifty thousand or more. The bill provides that "no person shall practice horseshoeing, as a master or journeyman horseshoer, in any such

city unless he is registered in a book provided for the purpose in the County Clerk's office." The bill further provides for making horseshoeing one of the professions, by requiring the Governor to appoint a Board of Examiners, consisting of one veterinarian, two master horseshoers and two journeyman horseshoers, for five years each, to examine and give certificates to persons desiring to shoe horses. Each person examined must pay a fee of two dollars to this Commission. On registering at the County Clerk's office he must pay a fee of twenty-five cents. Any person who can make affidavit that he has been practicing as a master or journeyman horseshoer for three years prior to the enactment of this statute may be registered without taking an examination. It is made a misdemeanor for any person to practice as a master or journeyman horseshoer without conforming to the requirements. Assemblyman Finn is to be presented with the pen used by Governor Morton in signing this bill.

IRELAND'S VICEROYALTY.

J. S. McNeill, member of Parliament for South Donegal, moved, on the submission of the Irish estimates in the Commons April 17, to reduce the amount of money granted for the household of the Viceroy of Ireland. He characterized the Viceroy's household as a gingerbread court.

Michael Davitt, member for South Mayo, declared that the household was a hothouse of flunkies.

During the discussion Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, intimated that if the Irish members were unanimous on the point of reducing the grant he would consider seriously the question of the retention of the Viceroyalty.

T. P. O'Connor, member for the Scotland division of Liverpool, declared that there was no such unanimity.

Mr. McNeill's motion was then rejected.

SPAIN'S CORRUPT ELECTIONS.

Official scrutiny of the polling in the provinces at the late election had the effect of altering the original returns very slightly. Riots occurred at Aguilada, near Barcelona, April 16, and the officials were stoned by the inhabitants of the town. A movement is on foot in Madrid to petition the Government for the annulment of the elections in the capital.

The members of the Madrid Election Board have been fined two thousand francs each for corrupt handling of the votes in the recent elections. The fines imposed upon the polling presidents for fraudulent practices at the polls aggregate two million francs.

PEARY DENTIES.

Lieutenant R. E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, who lectured at Rutland, Vt., April 17, in answer to a question said, emphatically: "I do not contemplate another Arctic expedition." Mr. Peary said further that he had no money to prosecute further explorations in the north. He said that he had already put much money into his voyages and had had no support whatever from the Government. He pronounced untrue a dispatch from Washington to the effect that he had been placed on waiting orders in the Navy, because he had told the Navy Department that he contemplated another expedition.

THE DUELING NUISANCE IN GERMANY.

The Center party have given notice that in the Reichstag they will ask the Government what steps have been taken or will be taken to check dueling. The Emperor sent a telegram summoning Dr. von Lucanus, chief of his Civil Cabinet, to Carlsruhe.

MILAN IS ONE TOO MANY.

It is stated at Paris that ex-King Milan of Servia intends to make a tour of the United States in May.

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AS TO FOXES.

A writer in the *Country House*, a high-class organ of the sporting nobility of England, takes a glance at the "private life of foxes." The writer says:

"The vixen lays up her cubs in early spring, in mild winters very often in January and February, but I should say that most cubs are born in March and April. She chooses a nice quiet place to draw her earth; often some cornfield is chosen that has been already sown, for foxes are very clever, and soon discover that a field that has been worked is not likely to be disturbed for some time. She selects a suitable bank and in that produces her cubs, which average, as a rule, from five to seven in number. At first, of course, they eat nothing, but live entirely upon their mother's milk, like puppies, but soon they require more nourishment, and nature prompts their fond parent to provide them with something more substantial. This she does by eating small rabbits, birds, rats and beetles, which on arriving home she casts up for her family in exactly the same way as a dog does for her young. As soon as they grow big enough to come out of the earth and play about, the vixen removes them to another earth where there is a plentiful supply of water—as little foxes are thirsty little souls and require plenty of drink. One of the most charming sights is to see a family of baby foxes at play. The vixen is now assisted by her spouse in providing for their family, and they both bring in young birds, rabbits, etc. A fox lair is one of the most wonderful sights I know of, and certainly our friend Reynard is very catholic in his tastes, for nothing comes amiss to him, from a beetle or cockchafer to a young lamb. Rabbits also form a large item in his bill of fare, but moles and rats are the staple food, so that it is not all damage that our little Red Rover accomplishes. No doubt a hungry vixen is not particular, but one cannot blame her if she helps herself a bit too freely, for it is hard for her to travel far for her young ones' support.

"Fox stories that have happened within my knowledge have been many and various. On one occasion a very nice litter of cubs were brought to the house. They were too young to do well without their mother, and with one exception all died; but this little survivor was adopted by a Pomeranian dog, who at the time had a litter of puppies, and took to her foundling quite happily. This cub grew up, and used to come in to dessert with the rest of the dogs, and would sit up and smoke a pipe. They all lived in the pantry, and were quite a happy family, living together until the cub was a year old, when it broke its chain and escaped. After three or four days it returned, and from time to time used to go and come at its will; but alas, one day never returned! I never heard of her death, so we may hope she lived to a good old age. In the Fitzwilliam country I once saw a very pretty fox that had three white pads, but I never saw it but once again. In Devonshire a fox used always to live on the top of a pheasant stack in one of the coverts; he was always to be found there, and in the summer did not mind people walking past the stack; but directly the hunting season began, the shutting of the gate was quite enough for our friend, who left at once. He was hunted for several seasons, but never caught. He was a very beautiful fox, with a great deal of white about his throat and neck."

SENATOR ALLISON.

H. G. McMillan, chairman of the Iowa Republican State Central Committee, who is in charge of Senator Allison's Iowa campaign, has returned to Des Moines after a short absence. He issued a statement through the press to the effect that the friends of Senator Allison, which

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include all Iowa Republicans, will begin at once to organize to make a fine showing at the St. Louis convention. He stated that after a careful analysis of the situation he was convinced that the Iowa man was stronger to-day than he has been at any time during the active canvass. He said: "It is plain to all that there will be no nomination on one of the early ballots, and when it comes to a protracted balloting Allison is sure to grow, because he is a man who is safe, and on whom all factions can unite."

ANTI-SEMITES IN AUSTRIA.

Dr. Lueger, the anti-Semite leader in the Reichsrath, was again elected Burgo-master of Vienna April 18, by a vote of 98 to 42. The minority, Liberals, voted for Dr. Gruebl. The crowds outside the town hall greeted the figures with cheers, and Dr. Lueger made a speech in which he inveighed against Hungary and declared that his election was a vindication of Christian liberty and the independence of Austria.

Dr. Lueger has been repeatedly elected Burgo-master and as frequently rejected by the Emperor.

ARMENIAN RELIEF.

A letter has been received at Boston from an American who has visited Amasia, Asiatic Turkey, giving an account of the distribution of relief money in that district. He says that the inhabitants exhibited marked timidity in receiving the money. This was caused by the fact that any show of outside aid is likely to cause the immediate cutting of the rations given out by the Government, and also that the tax collectors, if they heard of the distribution, would immediately demand a large share of the money for back taxes. The persons who distribute the money are also at considerable risk, the suspicion readily attaching to them that they are distributing funds raised secretly for revolutionary purposes.

RUSSIA A GOOD CUSTOMER.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia has just closed another important contract with the Russian Government for sixty large freight engines to be completed by July 1. With the completion of this contract the firm will have constructed since October, 1895, one hundred and thirty-four locomotives for the Russians. The previous orders have all been filled.

BOSTON CULTIVATES THE ATHLETE, TOO.

The Boston Athletic Association will give a fitting welcome to the returning athletes who, under its banner, won so many honors in the Olympian games at Athens. A reception committee has been appointed to make proper arrangements. The Boston Common Council has authorized the appointment of a special committee to receive and tender a public reception to the victorious athletes, who are expected by the steamer "Lahn," and should reach Boston about the 25th.

GLADSTONE.

A meeting was held at Chester April 17 to raise funds for the benefit of the Armenians. Mr. Gladstone sent a subscription of fifty pounds, accompanied by a letter in which he said he regretted that nature compelled increasing adherence to his decision not to appear in public. The Duke of Westminster, who presided at the meeting, stated that Mr. Gladstone in a recent conversation declared that every murder and infamy in Anatolia must now be ascribed to Russia, who was able to stop the outrages with a word, but would not utter it.

GENERAL HARRISON.

Thousands of campaign buttons bearing the inscription of "Harrison and Success," and presenting a good vignette of the ex-President, are being distributed throughout Indiana, and many are going to other States to be worn by the friends of Harrison. Several of the business houses in Indianapolis are also displaying pictures of Harrison, and his friends regard the presentation of his name at St. Louis as a certainty.

It is said that several thousand buttons have been manufactured to be used at St. Louis, and meanwhile his friends are cultivating sentiment everywhere in his favor. The selection of Senator Sewell of New Jersey as a delegate is regarded as auspicious by Harrison's friends, as he is known to be a close friend of the ex-President.

William Harrison Taylor of Putnam, Conn., telegraphed congratulations on his marriage to ex-President Harrison. Mr. Taylor said in his telegram: "May 'At Home' mean White House in November."

In his autograph reply General Harrison said: "I thank you for your telegram of congratulations and good wishes so far as they relate to my domestic concerns; but I beg to enter a dissent from your political suggestion."

A DOUBTING ENGLISHMAN.

The Rev. Joseph Eben-Powell of Findlay, O., who was indicted at the January term of court for false registration, was convicted April 16. He is a native of England, and registered and voted without being naturalized. The act was done with the intention, he said, of showing that the election laws in the United States are not enforced.

IS THIS FIRST BEAR STORY TRUE?

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gregerson, who live in the hamlet of Olga, Minn., was barely saved April 16 from being eaten by a bear. The child was rescued by James, her eight-year-old brother, who with his father's rifle killed the animal as it was making off with the baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregerson had gone out. During the afternoon a bear invaded the house. The boy was out at the barn and the first he knew of the bear's presence was when he heard the baby scream. The bear was then making off with the child. James secured his father's rifle and gave chase. The brave little fellow, hardly strong enough to lift the heavy gun to his shoulder, fired several bullets into the brute, knocking it over stone dead. The child was unhurt, but for a few slight scratches on one arm. So says a dispatch from Fosston, Minn., dated April 17.

ON WHICH SIDE IS THE RIGHT?

The Executive Committee of District Assembly No. 75, K. of L., has virtually declared a boycott against the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company. It has issued an appeal to the public, accusing the company of discriminating against the labor organizations, and winding up thus:

"The District Assembly has no desire to cause inconvenience to their fellow-citizens by ordering another strike, which would also entail suffering upon helpless and innocent women and children. Instead, we ask the people to pass judgment on the corporation and declare whether it is worthy of their support and patronage."

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"Will you do that, and ask your friends to do so, too?" President Rossiter of the Heights road denies that his men have any real grievances. He said: "I think that few, if any, of our men now belong to the Knights of Labor, and the leaders feel sore that they cannot influence their actions, and hence this appeal to the public. The men are well paid and, I believe, contented; but if they are not they can leave."

ENGLAND EXPLAINS TO KRUEGER.

Great Britain has informed President Krueger of the Transvaal of her intention to send re-enforcements to the British troops in Cape Colony and Natal.

The President was assured that this action does not indicate any change in Great Britain's friendly policy toward the Transvaal, and that the information was given lest those wishing to prevent a lasting *entente* between the two countries should misrepresent Great Britain's motives.

OUR BOYS LEAVE ATHENS.

The Greek competitors in the Olympic games April 17 bade farewell at the railway station to the foreign athletes who took part in the contests. The Americans were especially cheered.

The Hon. Eben Alexander, the American Minister, who did much to make the games a success, was present to bid his countrymen farewell.

The Americans on the 16th presented to the Crown Prince a memorial ad-

ressed to the Crown expressing the hope that Athens would be chosen as the permanent seat of the Olympic games.

RUSSIA TO TAKE A FRESH GRIP ON COREA.

The Korean envoy to Japan has gone to Russia, under the authority of the King of Corea, to negotiate a loan of eight million dollars, giving the Korean province of Haunggye as security.

CRUISERS ABROAD.

Cablegrams to the Navy Department at Washington report the arrival of the flagship "San Francisco" and the cruiser "Minneapolis" at Naples. Admiral Selfridge will transfer his flag to the "Minneapolis" there and proceed in her to Cronstadt, whence he will go with some of his officers to Moscow and St. Petersburg to attend the ceremonies connected with the coronation of the Czar. The "San Francisco" will be docked at Naples, and, according to Navy Department officials, will return to the duty of caring for American interests in Turkish waters.

MORE ABOUT NANSEN.

Advices from Christiania in regard to Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, state that the Governor of Yakutsk reports officially that nothing has been heard by the inhabitants of Ust-Yansk of the explorer. It will be remembered that he was reported to be returning after having discovered the North Pole. The ivory hunters on the New Siberian Islands, adds the Governor, did not see any ship between May and November of last year.

Ust-Yansk, whence the rumor of Dr. Nansen's return was said to have come, is near the coast of the Arctic Ocean, east of the Lena delta, and is the trading post nearest to the New Siberian Islands. The report was circulated by a Siberian trader named Kouchparoff, an agent for Dr. Nansen.

Kouchparoff informed the Prefect of Kolymsk that he had received information that Dr. Nansen had reached the North Pole, where he had found land, and was on his way back, but no details could be had. The Russian Government sent a man to make inquiries, and the official report from the Governor of Yakutsk, in which province Ust-Yansk is located, presumably contains the result of this Government agent's investigations.

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